The Nation.

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The Week.

The first thrust of the probe into E. H. Harriman's railroad operations certainly struck deep. What was laid bare at the sittings of the Interstate Commerce Commission in this city last Friday and Saturday was, in its way, as sensational as anything uncovered by the insurance investigation. We get a better idea than we ever had before of that "higher sphere" in which Mr. Harriman moves. These revelations, suitably followed up, will put us in the way of understanding many a financial transaction of recent years that has been shrouded in mystery. What will most startle the public, we imagine, is not the disclosure of the enormous and unchecked power reposed in Mr. Harriman by directors and executive committees, abdicating their functions, but the discovery that the Union Pacific has been used practically as a huge speculating machine. We now see it buying and selling stocks like any Wall Street plunger, some of the purchases having apparently no relation whatever to the Union Pacific's immediate needs or future plans—except as its controlling spirits needed to influence the stock market or take vengeance on anybody who, like Stuyvesant Fish, got in their way. Few are aware that the investigation is made under authority of a statute twenty years old. It was the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 which empowered the Commission to "inquire into the management of the business of all common carriers," and to "require the attendance and testimony of witnesses and the production of books, papers, tariffs, contracts, agreements, and documents." Thus are old instruments found adequate to new needs. And such reinvigoration of neglected laws is one of the most useful things that executive or prosecuting officers can set about. Much of the clamor for new statutes would be stilled if the old ones were put energetically into effect. When President Roosevelt's record comes to be made up by the historian, it may easily appear that greater praise will be given him for summoning forth the latent vigor of old laws, than for getting new ones written in the statute-book.

There had been intimations that Gov. Hughes's message to the Legislature would be "sensational." It is not, unless it be sensational to display a love of justice, with a desire to make the government of the State clean, vigorous, and efficient. In coming out unequivocally for a speedy recount of the ballots in the New York city Mayoralty election of 1905, Gov. Hughes shows the sagacious and just quality of his mind. As the Governor says, this is not a question of either parties or personalities; but when doubt clouds the title of a public official chosen at a time when popular passion runs high, it is of the utmost importance that the whole transaction be laid bare, every allegation met, every suspicion quieted. Only so can the Hearst charges be dissipated; while, if they prove to be well-founded, we cannot know the fact too soon, and act accordingly. The impartiality with which Gov. Hughes deals with elections may be seen in what he says of the need of checking corruption. His specific recommendation of a law "imposing a limitation upon the amount that may be expended by a candidate to procure his election" looks very hard at the scandal of an expenditure of $250,000 by Hearst. In urging the amendment of our ballot laws, with the abolition of the party column and the adoption of practically the Australian system, Gov. Hughes takes advanced but sensible positions. So, too, his recommendation that the direct primary may be given a trial, here and there, will please those who see value in this method of political reform. It is, however, the Governor's recommendations regarding the State Railroad Commission which will attract most attention. That refuge of incapable politicians Mr. Hughes proposes to abolish outright. This is an open challenge to the bosses of his own party, who have so long had that and other pickings as their own. The Governor would have a new Commission, to replace both the Railroad and the Gas Commissions, whose jurisdiction and powers should be accurately defined by law, the whole to be made a Public-Service Corporations Commission. In creating it, the idea is to make State supervision and regulation a reality. The details of his proposals we cannot discuss; but they evidently come from a man in earnest, who has thought long and deeply on the subject, on many aspects of which he speaks as an expert, and who is bent on marking his Administration by reforms that will not be spectacular, but which he hopes to make thoroughgoing and beneficial.

Commissioner-General F. P. Sargent, in his annual report, gives countenance to the two favorite propositions of those who would restrict immigration: First, that the bars ought to be put up to prevent our getting more aliens than we want or need; and, second, that the Government should deal sternly with the pernicious activities of individuals and corporations that have been secretly hiring labor abroad. That is the anomaly of the whole immigration agitation. It proceeds on the premise that we are getting too many laborers, and yet it cannot blink the fact that a most urgent demand for laborers exists in many sections of this country. If a million foreigners are coming here every year to take jobs away from the American workman, bread out of the mouths of his children, why is it necessary for large employers to plot and plan, send secret agents to Europe, and surreptitiously pay the passage of foreign workmen? Of course, unequal distribution of arrivals is at the root of our difficulties, and this is a side of the problem which organized agencies are only beginning to attack systematically. The statistics of this year's report show precisely the same tendencies as last year's, a gross increase in the mass of immigration, accompanied by a further falling off in the arrivals from Ireland, England, Germany, and Scandinavia. The Jewish, Hungarian, and Italian immigration evidently has not reached its limit; but the "peril" thus far is confined to the few centres where the arrivals are for the time congested.

If good institutions may be perverted to bad ends, so may foolish ones be reclaimed for wise purposes. The Bureau of American Republics is a case in point. Taken up as a kind of salvage from the wreck of the first Pan-American Congress, and kept in feeble life as a means chiefly of providing salaries, it is now about to be erected into a symbol of international peace. That is the intent, at any rate, of Andrew Carnegie's gift of $750,000 for a permanent building at Washington to house the Bureau; and we hope and believe such will be the effect. It is a fitting sequel to Secretary Root's tour through South America, with his far-sighted efforts to make real the idea of the family of nations. President Roosevelt happily characterizes the project as a complement to the Temple of Peace at The Hague.

One of the alternative proposals by the ship-subsidy people is what they call a "cargo" subsidy. This is actually to depend upon freight carried, not passengers or mails or speed. Were the plan strictly applied, with a bounty direct upon every ton of freight sent abroad in American bottoms, we should know exactly what we were spending our money for; and should be able to test the familiar plea that, once the business got started, the bounty might safely be cut off. But Canada's experience at present shows how hard it is to shake

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off the bounty leeches when once they are allowed to fasten upon the Treasury. As is well known, the Canadian Government has been paying a bounty to manufacturers of iron and steel. The gift has been made outright, instead of, as with us, disguised as a tariff duty. In this way, nearly $10,000,000 has already been expended. Under the law, these bounties were to cease at the end of next June. By that time, the Canadian iron and steel business was to be able to go alone; but a bill is now before Parliament to extend the bounties for four years more. The Government is favorable to it, and the Opposition dares not attack it. Thus the Dominion is in for a further outlay of from $15,000,000 to $25,000,000 to help along a private industry. We in the United States would do well to observe that there are no tracks backward from the lair of the bounty lion.

"How we are governed," used to be a stock title for elementary works on civil government. "How we govern," is a title that, we fear, would never sell a book, for nobody cares very much how we regulate the affairs of our various dependencies. But the brief summary which the correspondent of the Indianapolis *News* at Washington has made of our colonial "system," if system it can be called, might find a market in the columns of a comic paper, were it not for the serious issues involved:

> The War Department governs the Philippines, the canal zone, and Cuba, and, with the assistance of the State Department, keeps an eye on Santo Domingo. The Interior Department governs Hawaii, Alaska, and the Territories within what is called the boundary of the United States. The islands of Guam and Tutuila are governed by the Navy Department. Porto Rico is practically without any protecting department at its back. The officers of the Porto Rican Government report to the Interior Department, but that department has no responsibility for the government of the island. Hawaii, Alaska, and Porto Rico each has a delegate in the House of Representatives, as have the Territories of Arizona and New Mexico, but this delegate has no vote. He may introduce bills and he may speak, but he cannot make a motion. The Philippines, Guam, and Tutuila and the canal zone are not represented in the legislative body at all.

Alaska is really the lucky member of the family, having a brand-new delegate at Washington this winter. But one boon is apparently enough for a Congress to grant. Neither the Porto Ricans nor the Filipinos are likely to receive this winter any of the favors they ask.

Prof. Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard must, as we read the cable dispatches from Germany, have been grievously misreported. He is quoted, for instance, as declaring that the sending of James Bryce as Ambassador of Great Britain is likely to make Baron von Sternburg's task in Washington more difficult, "inasmuch as Mr. Bryce enjoys the sympathy of all Americans, and must shortly take a foremost place in diplomatic life in Washington." Such nonsense could surely not have fallen from the lips of the gifted author of "Die Amerikaner." He cannot be ignorant of the fact that, in all England, Germany has had no warmer friend than James Bryce. He has never failed to work for friendly relations, whether in the Government or out of it. Mr. Bryce it was who welcomed the German journalists to London last summer in an admirable address. His name was appended to the appeal for concord between the two nations, which was headed by Lord Avebury. Professor Münsterberg is further reported as saying that the improved relations between the United States and Germany are due, for one reason, to the "close familiarity of Baron von Sternburg with President Roosevelt"; Mr. Bryce will end this close familiarity by his mere appearance in Washington. Since when has modern diplomacy become a matter of individual friendship with the head of the state to which a man is accredited? Relations between great countries are not affected by the outcome of horseback rides or tennis games, save in novels of the type of "Mr. Barnes of New York." It is the spirit in which one nation treats another that counts, and the readiness to settle differences of opinion like sensible, well-mannered people. Any one who stops to think of the ties that bind this country to Germany will find them innumerable, and of the closest. They concern our business relations, the presence among us of a large German-American population, and our kinship in matters musical, artistic, and educational. Can those ties be loosened because Mr. Bryce, long denounced by jingo Englishmen as a pro-German as well as a pro-Boer, is to represent England in Washington? Professor Münsterberg must recall that in the days when Cleveland and Harrison were in the White House there was no Sternburg and no Bryce at Washington; yet no one talked of unfriendly relations between the United States and Germany, or even dreamed of them.

"Talk about commercialized politics," said a civil engineer the other night, "or the commercialized theatre, or press—why, none of them can hold a candle to commercialized engineering." In explanation, he averred that his profession is suffering from the evils of monopoly. A few great corporations not only control nearly all the work done, but dictate the technical methods to be followed. The result is the raising of almost insuperable barriers to new men and new ideas; the practice becomes routine and stodgy; the absence of real competition works the same harm to engineering that it does to any other pursuit. Certainly it is an important question which is raised by this complaint from within the engineering ranks. We know that this point of view is not isolated. Many engineers would agree in general with the impetuous critic whose language is cited above, even if they might regard his indictment as too sweeping. On the professional side, it is a matter for engineers themselves to discuss. What the relations of special talent should be to employing corporations, what the obligations of a man to the severe demands of science when they are in conflict with mere money-making—these topics can be most fruitfully debated by those set for the maintenance of a high standard of engineering ethics. But the public is deeply concerned in the practical effect of it all. If engineering has become so commercialized that we are not getting the best possible work, it is of the highest consequence that we should know the causes and find, if possible, the remedies. To get the backing of the big corporation, you must previously find favor with a certain firm of engineers, and also make arrangements to float your securities through a given bond and stock concern. Monopoly, we may be sure, will work its deadening effects in a profession as fatally as in trade or manufacture. If pressure from without does not compel the adoption of the most advanced methods, and the putting out of the finest possible product, professional pride will prove an inadequate motive.

Certain schoolboys say they will fight in the courts the movement—now widespread—to suppress secret fraternities in high schools and academies. At the "national conclave" of the Phi Delta Kappa, held this week at San José, the valorous president announced that funds were being raised to carry a test case to the courts if the school authorities of Portland and San Francisco adhere to their announced plan of driving out the organization. We fancy, however, that sensible parents may step in with a decision sustaining the teachers. The high school fraternity is becoming a public nuisance. The boys, of course, are aping their older brothers in college. They have their jewelled badges, their grips, their pass-words, their initiations, their meetings, and all the other pretentious flummery of the college fraternity. They spend their time, energy, and money on dances for their girl friends, and on "national conventions." The fraternity system has many grave drawbacks in college; in school it is intolerable. Debating and literary societies, unless under pretty strict supervi-

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sion, are subject to serious abuse; but the fraternity is taken with such pathetic seriousness by the lad in his teens that in many towns the only way to deal with it is to abolish it, on the simple and sufficient ground that it interferes with legitimate school work.

The failure of Prince von Bülow's manifesto to achieve its purpose of solidifying the opposition to the Clericals should surprise no one. The radical Liberals are too devoted to their principles to be caught by such chaff. Those leaders of the Clericals who assert that the new Reichstag will differ but little from the old have reason for their belief. The most that could possibly be done would be to deprive them of thirty seats, four of which would go to the Poles, to whom Von Bülow is also opposed. No one really expects that any such defeat will overtake the Centre; if it loses ten seats many persons will be surprised. Among the Social-Democrats, twenty-seven seats may be endangered; but there are others which the party hopes to capture for the first time. There is a possibility that the Liberal Left can, with the Socialists, win sixty seats from all the reactionaries, of which thirty would go to the Liberals; but to accomplish this the Liberals will have to display an aggressiveness lacking of late years, and have the aid of what we should call a "tidal wave," of which there are now no indications. The country as a whole is eager for more liberal and progressive government, for social legislation of all kinds, for a Reichstag which shall really be a responsible parliament, with a responsible Ministry. It wishes an end of government by the selfish protected interests and the reactionary Clericals, and desires, for one thing, ballot laws by which the will of the people may properly be registered. Meanwhile, many a voter who is not a believer in Socialist doctrines supports the party of Bebel as the best way of expressing his desire for greater freedom.

Following the appearance of a Constitution for the Transvaal, comes one for the Orange River Colony. According to a statement of Winston Churchill in the House of Commons, the letters patent will probably be issued before the reassembling of Parliament after the holidays. The issues involved in the grant of self-government to the colony south of the Vaal are, of course, much slighter from the material point of view than those of its northern neighbor (the white population in 1904 was only about 143,000, and there are no mines); but there is interest in the fact that this is the first instance of responsible government being bestowed on a dependency with an overwhelming non-British population. Of the outcome, the Colonial Under-Secretary had no fear. He believed that the Boers had abandoned the old ambition to create in South Africa a united state independent of the Crown, and that they had accepted that other ideal which was represented by the Dominion of Canada and the Commonwealth of Australia. To refuse a constitution on the ground that the Dutch would command a certain majority, he thought would be "an insult, a fatal blunder, and a breach of the spirit of the terms of peace." The upper chamber is at first to be appointed. The lower house, of 38 members, is to be elected on a voter's basis and by manhood suffrage, one member for every 1,058 adult males.

An interesting phase of the contemplated substitution of Southampton for Liverpool as the English terminus of the White Star and Cunard Lines, with Cherbourg as a port of call, is the part such a step would play in strengthening the much-discussed Anglo-French *entente*. In establishing their Channel service, the two British lines are reported to aim at entering into competition with the German lines for the rich passenger traffic between this country and the southern part of the Continent, which goes largely by way of Cherbourg. That port is sure to profit by the new move on the part of British enterprise, and closer commercial relations, followed by a corresponding increase in political friendship, should follow. As it is, the question of facilitating trans-Channel communication is being actively discussed in both countries, and among other measures the Channel tunnel scheme has been revived. A bill for its construction has been recently introduced into the Commons, but has been received by part of the press with distrust, based on fear that it would involve sacrificing the impregnability of the kingdom. Thus the *Spectator* suggests, instead, a line of train-ferries, which would meet many of the needs the tunnel is intended to cope with, including the cementing of the *entente*. The diversion of American traffic to Cherbourg by means of British ships would tend towards the last desired result.

The death of Stefan Vassilievitch Anikin, founder of the Group of Toil in the first Russian Duma, and one of the ablest Radical members of that body, removes the second of a triumvirate of leaders who were chiefly concerned in directing the revolutionary movement among the peasants. These were Anikin, Onipko, and Zhilkin, of whom the second is now a life prisoner for complicity in the last Kronstadt uprising. To the popular eye it was Alyadin, of the powerful voice and English clothes, who stood out boldest among the peasants in the Duma; but it was the other three who carried on the unspectacular work of organization and agitation. Before their advent there had existed a definite cleft between the peasant masses and their intellectual but doctrinaire leaders. This, Anikin and his associates were largely successful in bridging. They brought agitation down from the lofty realm of theory and harmonized revolutionary principles with the peasants' immediate needs. On the future of the revolutionary movement Anikin's death, we believe, will exercise no appreciable effect. That movement has gone far beyond the possible control of any man such as Russia has so far produced. Onipko in prison, Anikin dead, Alyadin a fugitive, Milyukoff still under the ban, Muromtseff out of favor—the new Duma will still find voices sufficient to its grievances and demands.

Practically extinct in America, the "dime novel" is said to be ravaging Germany. According to Johannes Siebert, most German boys prefer an Indian story to any other book. Their hearts beat fast as they read the adventures of trappers and settlers, gaze with awe into wigwams, and hear the howls of the wolves. This interest began with the publication, in 1823, of "The Spy," by Cooper, followed soon by his other stories. Since these novels, however, did not seem quote suitable for boys, they were *bearbeitet* for the young folks. Later, the adapters began to construct their own plots and incidents, out-Coopering their model in his most adventurous moods. The results, says Siebert, are terrible to contemplate. There are in Germany about 500 "Grosso" firms, with 3,000 travellers, to sell such books. An edition of 700,000 is not an unusual thing. They are adorned with glaring illustrations, and one may buy such a volume of perhaps 250 pages for less than a dime.

Some of the ingenious tricks by means of which Italy, notwithstanding strict legal enactments against the sale of art treasures to foreigners, is being despoiled, are described in the *Nuova Antologia* by Professor Valentin. The valuable paintings of the Galleria Sciarra were smuggled out of the country by an operetta company, which took them along, rolled up as part of its "stage decorations." They, of course, received no special attention. A Botticelli was exported in the stuffing of a sofa; another old master was rolled round an umbrella and concealed by its cover, while the famous cope of Ascoli (which J. Pierpont Morgan subsequently restored) had been taken out within an alabaster column. The officials are lax in inspection even in Rome, where the "forestieri" frequently manage to acquire mementos under the very eyes of the custodians, especially in the Forum.

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SOUTHERN LEADERSHIP.

Edgar Gardner Murphy, himself a Southerner of note, has contributed to the *Sewanee Review* a timely article on "The Task of the Leader" in the South. In this matter the whole country has a vital interest. What is to be the attitude of public men in the old slave States towards the race problem? Is it to be merely destructive, after the manner of Tillman and Vardaman, with the apparent object of reducing the negro to a condition of vassalage, or exterminating him? Or is it to be a desire to do justice? Is it to perceive that the presence of masses of uneducated and undisciplined people is a menace to be met, not with the revolver, but with statesmanlike and constructive measures? Upon the answer to these questions depends to a large degree the domestic health of the nation.

Within the last two decades the South has undergone an amazing industrial development. The diversification of its industries has proceeded swiftly, and has been followed by an increase in general prosperity such as this section never knew before. This economic revolution has been accompanied, as most Northerners are now aware, by a change in the character of Southern leaders. The poor white has come into his own; or, as Mr. Murphy puts it less bluntly,

> The older leaders and their older leadership are yielding place to new in a white population, which has not so largely the qualities of a gentle culture, which has never known the negro at his best, and which is tasting for the first time the intoxications of industrial and political ascendency.

Can this new leadership be trusted to grapple with the problem in a really scientific spirit? Will it apply itself with a single mind to the transforming of the colored masses into orderly, contented, educated, and industrially valuable citizens? And what means will it employ to attain these ends? Here is the crux. Every one knows that the South has men capable of constructive work of the highest kind. Is the solution of its specific problems to be intrusted to them, or to the politician who is as eager to keep alive the race troubles as the Northern demagogue is to set one class against another?

Mr. Murphy belongs to the group of Southerners who feel the call to aid in moulding public opinion along the lines of calmness and justice. In the paper before us he has spoken with ability and fearlessness. He is under no misapprehensions as to what is needed, or as to what is at the bottom of the recent increase in race hostility, and his words deserve the widest publication. He longs for the day when his section of the country may "be occupied with something else beside the negro," and he adds:

> We shudder at "negro domination." Yet the man who is really putting the negro over us, who is enshrining him like a hideous tyranny within the apprehensions and imaginations of our children, and who places him as a spectre of gloom by every fireside, is not the demagogue of the North, but the demagogue of the South; magnifying every incident of the long, unhappy quarrel of the sections, harping upon every symbol of the estrangement of our races, and forcing us into so morbid a preoccupation with our peculiar and provincial difficulties that the South, if his guidance became supreme, would become perforce not only the land of one party, but the land of one idea, of one interest, of one subject, because the land of one all-consuming passion.

Fortunately, Mr. Murphy sees a change coming, and this despite the recent humiliating spectacle offered by Hoke Smith—turning demagogue in order to win the Governorship of Georgia. He finds the industrial rise of the South is bringing gain as well as loss, is doing much to free the South from its isolation. Southern universities are speaking with more freedom and directness, are emancipating themselves from the domination of politicians, reactionary ecclesiastics, and unenlightened public sentiment. The reconstruction of the common school system also makes for a sounder public opinion. Mr. Murphy finds, too, that, in practically every State, younger men, representing lofty ideals, are beginning to take an active part in political life. They are not numerous enough for immediate success, and they must yet face many defeats before achieving a victory. Indeed, Mr. Murphy exemplifies in himself, as did the late Chancellor Hill of the University of Georgia, the new leadership, which, he contends, "confident and controlled, will yield no place to that feverish sense of insecurity which is so doubtful of its institutions that it mistakes madness for zeal and murder for justice. . . . Its preferred mood is not tragedy, but sanity."

As for the negro, Mr. Murphy makes a masterly and unequivocal appeal for justice. We can do no better than to quote him again, as proof that this is the kind of leadership the South needs:

> Here is this colored man, whom you and I know to be "a good negro"—industrious, sensible, self-respecting. He is making his way. He counts for something; we know him and we know we can trust him. He is right here with us on the soil of the *same* State. *Do we want him?* We do. Do we want him to stay? We do. How shall we deal with him? Treat him justly. Give protection to his life and property. Give his children a chance. Let *him* vote. It is his due, and it will help other negroes to be like him.

PROSPERITY AND MISGIVING.

In the comprehensive review of the financial situation from a dozen great money markets of the world, published by the *Evening Post* on the last day of the year, the noteworthy fact was the unanimity with which assertion that prosperity is to-day unprecedented was coupled with a note of warning or misgiving. Various reasons, most of them vague enough, were assigned for this feeling; in general, the dominant idea appeared to be that trade activity had reached such a pitch that neither capital nor transportation could keep pace with it. In these suggestions of doubt one might trace much the same sentiment that inspired Secretary Shaw to advise prayers against any greater prosperity, or James J. Hill to declare that the railway situation of to-day threatens commercial paralysis. Both of these intimations were based on conditions which nothing but extraordinary prosperity could have created.

The *Journal of Commerce* published last week the views of numerous economists and practical financiers on the question whether we are approaching a financial crisis. With prosperity admittedly at high notch, one might imagine such an inquiry to partake of the absurd; but the experts to whom it was put take it seriously enough, and do not agree in their answers. Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale asserts that in the economic outlook he "cannot see the slightest cause for apprehension." "In times of great prosperity," he proceeds, "speculation becomes over-confident and rash. I see no signs of any such error now." Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago is not so sure. His comment is:

> In conclusion, there seem to be no immediate evidences of a crisis in the very near future. But no reform of our currency, no combination of large financial interests, will prevent the inevitable overexpansion in due course of time, which must finally be followed by liquidation. Even now the materials for overconfidence may be gathering. The speculation in real estate, which is usually the latest phenomenon of a high range of prices, is already more or less apparent.

Prof. J. B. Clark of Columbia, remarking that if the familiar periodicity in panics is observed again, 1913 would be the year for the next one, concludes his review by predicting that "recklessness now—general infection with the virus of a speculative fever—will cause the crisis to arrive at its scheduled date and with all needed severity."

So much for students of economics; the practical men display similar variation of opinion, with, however, more unanimity in doubt. The most optimistic view is that signs "point toward continuance of the prosperous times at least for another year." Stuyvesant Fish, on the other hand, goes so far as to declare that "in point of time a great industrial crisis is due, and there are many indications of its being imminent." Among these are the dearness of money because of high prices, waste of

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capital, and decreased efficiency of labor; absorption in Wall Street speculation of an undue proportion of the country's capital, and growing distrust by the people of methods prevalent in the investment markets. Taken as a whole, the statements plainly show that all classes of the community are pervaded with the idea that a change of some kind may not be far distant.

What is to be said of this? First, no doubt, that experienced men accept it as an axiom that profits and volume of business never expand indefinitely, and that a check is apt to come when, as to-day, the "boom" has outstripped existing facilities of production—labor, transportation, and capital. To that extent, the judgment of practically all trained observers in the business world would doubtless be in unison. It is when the natufe and severity of the possible reaction are considered that agreement ceases. "Trade reaction" and "industrial crisis" are by no means synonymous terms. We passed through an unmistakable trade reaction during the second half of 1903; the surest sign being that in the period monthly iron production was cut down one-half, in spite of which reduction unsold supplies increased nearly half a million tons. Yet this was scarcely a financial or economic crisis; nor could that term be fairly applied to the similar contraction of business during 1900. In neither instance was the great forward movement, characteristic of the first half of the "cycle of prosperity," seriously interrupted. Such a crashing-down of the credit structure as occurred in 1893, for instance, is a different matter.

Reactions such as those of 1903 and 1900 will be frequent; not improbably something of the sort is not far ahead. To discern sure indications of a severe industrial crisis is not so easy. More people than Mr. Fish have been made uneasy by the abnormal state of the recent money market; and both home and foreign bankers have ventured the assertion that these phenomena, taken by themselves, closely resemble those which preceded the troubles of 1873 and 1890. On the other hand, actual impairment or abuse of credit, as distinguished from mere overstrain on capital, was really the fundamental danger sign of those two years. That overstrain appeared as fully in commercial as in purely financial affairs: an entire community had not only been indulging in extravagance, but was exceptionally involved in debt. In this respect it may be questioned whether the present situation provides a parallel. For the rest, Professor Clark is probably wise in holding to the "twenty-year interval" as a means of taking our present economic reckoning. If tradition be followed in this generation, we still have half-a-dozen years to wait before the first-class crisis.

THE TROUBLES OF PUBLISHERS.

In the *Contemporary Review*, John Murray takes the so-called "book war" now raging in England as an occasion to bring out a number of elementary truths connected with the making and uttering of books. The article is a plea for the publisher, but only in a reasonable and dignified way. Its conclusions are rather familiar: that the publishing business is largely a speculative, laborious, and unthankful one; that profits are not what the man in the street or the man with the manuscript imagines they are; and that in the never-ceasing quarrel between publisher and author there is justice on both sides.

Mr. Murray really seems to prove his case that the average publisher is no mediæval baron; but certain figures and facts he quotes give rise to the doubt whether the publisher, like the mediæval baron, supposing we were to come across one now and then, is not an anomaly in the commercial world. The publisher does not take advantage of the successful author or of the unsuccessful author; but is he not the medium by which the unsuccessful author takes advantage of his more fortunate comrade in letters?

> How many novelists' books sell to the extent of over 10,000? Probably not more than a score or two, all told; and the larger number of new novels do not sell beyond 1,000 or 2,000. In such cases the result is very different. To produce 1,000 copies of an ordinary novel costs about £85; add, say, £50 for advertising, and we have a total of £135. If the whole edition be sold the gross yield is £148, leaving £13 for author and publisher; 2,000 in like manner would cost, with advertising, £160 or £170, and would yield just over £300.

Now, all novelists are divided, as Gilbert K. Chesterton might argue, into two classes, those whose books sell, and those whose books do not sell. Sell, in this instance, would mean 10,000 copies and over; failure to sell would mean 1,000 or 2,000. The first means profit; the second, absence of profit, or actual loss. How, then, does the publisher make his living? Publishers have been known to live in comfortable houses, to wear fine raiment, to join good clubs, to play a useful part in public movements calling for considerable material sacrifice, to go abroad for a part of every year. It seems hard to escape the conclusion that the lucky "score or two" of British authors whose books sell above 10,000 not only contribute to maintain their publishers in that station of life to which they may be called, but actually make up the losses connected with the publication of all the books of all the unsuccessful writers. Is the publisher, then, an institution for robbing Hall Caine to pay John Smith? And why should Winston Churchill (speaking quite impersonally) bear the cost of whole department-store counterfuls of novels about the Carpathian Mountains, and Western heroes with Gibson chins, and undergraduate Samsons slaughtering corporations with the jawbone of a boss? What would happen to the publishing business if Robert Chambers should decide to print and distribute his own novels, without any intermediary?

The answer would be that the author could not call to his aid the advantages the publisher at present possesses for marketing his wares. It needs experience to decide what the public taste demands, or else to create demand. That is, there is the deciding on the availability of a manuscript, and there is the advertising of the finished product. Yet, what does Mr. Murray say on these points?

> A book becomes popular (in the sense of large sales) when it comes to be talked about in society, at the clubs, and in general conversation everywhere. But how is this renown to be achieved? Not by advertising alone; not by the notice of any distinguished person alone, but by some subtle combination of all these forces which no man can control.

The writer quotes the example of Mr. Gladstone, who "took the greatest pains to promote the success of three books published by my firm . . . by means of reviews, of speeches, and of personal recommendation." The firm lost about £600 on one work, and made about £50 on the other two. And again:

> Mr. Gladstone's world-wide reputation made his pamphlet on the "Vatican Decrees" sell by tens of thousands; but even his personal popularity could not make his translations of the Odes of Horace sell by hundreds.

And when we come to the value of the publisher as an Author's Guide to Public Taste, we find this to be Mr. Murray's opinion:

> The man who could foretell with any approach to accuracy of detail the prospects of one new book in ten would be worth his weight in gold. He has not yet appeared above the horizon.

Yet there is little doubt that if authors were to take charge of advertising their own books they would make as good a showing as the publishers at present succeed in making. Why is it that most book advertisements are so infinitely below the breakfast-food advertisements? The man who writes about the food displays a richly modulated mood that changes with every theme. Age cannot wither nor custom stale his fifty-seven varieties. But when it comes to books, it is too often the "rich, red blood" of the mountain, or the "salt tang" of the sea, or the "winsome grace" of the girl who was born in Montclair and is heiress to the throne of Fakonia. Even a dignified subject will not save the book advertiser. We have in mind an elaborate work of reference that

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really deserves the good reputation it has gained, which was ushered into being as a something made up of any number of "thousands of pages," and any number of "millions of words," embracing a record of the "History of the World from the Day of Creation to the Death of Paul Leicester Ford." Assuredly, an author, academic unworldling though he might be, would warm up to praise of his own work in loftier and more persuasive terms.

THE PROBLEM OF OLD LETTERS.

A French writer, Lucien Descaves, has been discussing the question what to do with the letters which one receives from prominent people. Shall we burn them or keep them? No third choice is commonly supposed to be left open; but M. Descaves shows the possibility of a *tertium quid*. This he indicates by telling of a novel plan of a friend of his, who had picked up a lot of interesting letters in a package of miscellaneous old manuscripts sold at the Hôtel Drouot. These letters had come from the pigeon-holes of the editor of an influential Paris newspaper. They had been written to him, in the course of forty years, by many whose names were famous in art or literature or politics. There they were, all carefully arranged in alphabetical order, docketed, annotated. Thiers, Louis Blanc, Jules Ferry, Rochefort, Heredia, Loti, Maupassant—these were but sample signatures. A veritable *trouvaille!*

What was the lucky purchaser to do? He was certainly under a terrible temptation. Some of the letters, he at once perceived, were of a sort to impair, if not destroy, the reputation of their writers. Others would, if put into print, cause distress to the persons who wrote them, or to their families. Still others were of a nature to offend no one, while having real significance for the literary and political history of the times, though the hour to publish them had clearly not arrived. Well, M. Descaves's friend elected a course as unusual as it was honorable. The letters that would surely injure reputations he sent back to their authors, or to the authors' legal representatives. Those that might merely annoy were likewise returned. The remainder he kept for—"ma foi, I do not well know. I will see about it. There is almost a politico-literary history in it."

Such delicacy is worth signalizing in an age which is given to scraping old letter-boxes bare. France has been no less a sinner in this respect than Germany or England or our own reticent country. An authentic letter, exposing some great man's weaknesses, blasting some one's fair repute, revealing base motives in some public man, tearing open old wounds, renewing ancient quarrels, and reviving forgotten scandals—this surely constitutes the great modern besetment of writer and publisher. "Break every seal," Tennyson might well assert to be the motto of biographer and editor to-day. No land, no press, is exempt. Sainte-Beuve deplored the "culte des vieux papiers" which had been set up in his day, with the result that "everything is printed." What would he have said of some of the monumental indiscretions that have been committed since? The sale and publication of the Gambetta love-letters were not prevented by the questionable example set by Browning's son. It would appear that any grandniece of a famous man is nowadays under a peculiar obligation to bring to light any screed of his reflecting upon him. We have just seen with what a relish Lord Lovelace has printed a letter calculated to damn the memory of his grandfather! He would not even make for Byron the excuse that Scott did, namely, that he "managed his pen with the careless and negligent ease of a man of quality."

Letter-writing is not so entirely a lost art that the problem of disposing of old letters does not still press upon us. Even prudent politicians continue to write imprudent letters, forgetting the advice of Martin Van Buren—who had doubtless learned in suffering what he taught in song—"Walk eleven miles rather than write a letter." Once he has written, the statesman who wishes, too late, that he had expressed it differently, has various recourses. He may adopt the Blaine tactics of appending, "Burn this letter." He may beg "Dear Maria" to return any letters of his which she may have kept, and which were written to show, as Mr. Dooley says, that "an Irishman doesn't lose annything by bein' a Raypublican." Or, he may imitate Lord Palmerston, who once made an editor a consul for possessing "inconvenient information."

It is, however, the literary use of old letters, not the political, which oftenest raises nice questions. If there is nothing more interesting than biography, in biography there is nothing more interesting than self-revealing letters, written without thought of publication. But precisely there the difficulty comes in. Is one at liberty to publish what the original writer plainly regarded as private? And if we may ignore his feelings, on the ground that he is dead, are we to give no heed to the feelings of others, which may be lacerated? It is all very well to say, Let the truth be known, but not all truth is fit to be made known. Usually, we imagine, the problem resolves itself into a question of less or more; of proportion and selection; of careful weighing the value of information about those who are gone from earth, as against the mischief of hurting those who are still on the earth. A wise general rule would be to apply to the publishing of old letters the recognized tests of good breeding. One of them is the shock which it gives to a well-bred man to find that he has caused pain to any one. Too much biography is written on the theory of Dr. Johnson that the aim of a certain writer was to "give pain to somebody"; and for giving pain there is nothing like dragging out an old letter, which perhaps should never have been written, and certainly should never have been printed.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE AGAIN.

Perhaps spelling reform is responsible for a revival of the notion that a linguistic secession is impending, and that presently the speech of America will cease to be called "English." At any rate, the press on both sides is having more to say than usual about differences of usage. As typical of this discussion, we may take an article by Enid Campbell Dauncey, which Littell's *Living Age* reprints from the *Monthly Review*. For a parallel to the present evolution, she goes back some thousands of years, recalling that, "when the Assyrian tongue emerged from its antecedents, it is known that the *literati* of ancient Babylon preserved the classic language of Akkad in its purity with fierce and narrow jealousy, looking upon the innovators as common barbarians, and contriving to keep the ancient Akkadian alive, or half-alive, in strict rituals long after the new language had become the medium of intercourse of the people." In the same way, she believes, the progress of the barbarous American language is being blindly resisted now.

Every orthodox text-book of rhetoric contains parallel lists of words in which American usage differs from English. That there are colloquial differences enough to embarrass and confuse and sometimes horrify newly arrived travellers, is the common experience. Yet is the list of words which all Englishmen use in one way and all Americans in another so portentous after all? This question is suggested by the examples cited by the writer just quoted. She finds one cause of divergence in a national "megalomania" which leads us to call things by names bigger than they deserve. Thus:

> "City" is universally used to define a town or village; "physician," doctor; "college," board-school; "store," shop; "state-room," cabin; "saloon," public-house; "rock," stone or pebble; "gun," pistol, and so on *ad infinitum*.

All these, we presume, are fairly entitled to be called "Americanisms," like some thousands of others between the covers of Bartlett; but to say that any one of them is in "universal" use, betrays an acquaintance with Brother Jonathan of the comic papers rather than with live Americans. "City" is applied to a village, and "college" to a board-school in those States where lax

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and foolish Legislatures bestowed the legal right to use those terms in inappropriate places. There are incorporated cities in the West of 200 population or less, but there are mere "towns" in New England as large as Durham, or Salisbury.

"Saloon," like "sample-room," represents an effort of the dram-seller to make his calling at least sound respectable. "Rock" belongs to the Southwest. At least ten times more Americans "throw stones" than "heave rocks." "Gun" for pistol belongs to the "gun-fighting" class. "Physician" is not synonymous with "doctor," because some doctors are surgeons; but we would challenge any British visitor to find an American so afflicted with megalomania as to call in agony for a "physician." "Cabin" and "stateroom" are not synonyms either, especially in a country where many people still live in cabins. That leaves only the use of "store" for "shop," to which, if we concede it to be a crime, a majority of Americans might have to plead guilty.

The Englishman who crosses the ocean cannot, as a matter of fact, make out a more plausible case for his distinction of language than the educated American could by travelling a thousand miles or less in almost any direction and studying the speech he finds there. "'Corfee' for coffee, 'dorg' for dog, 'gorn' for gone," add, says our writer, "a great air of novelty." But they also seem novel to the Westerner or Southerner who enters the native home of the Yankee. The lines of the Limerick,

> Once she drank up a quart,
> Which was more than she ought,

are perfect rhymes to some of us who put an "r" in neither "ought" nor "quart"; to others who put that letter in both; while to the majority the line is only a joke.

At a campaign meeting here a few years ago a spirited ballad was read in the refrain of which "purse" and "boys" were made to rhyme. They would not have rhymed in old England, or in New England, or in the South or West. But on Broadway "poise" and "boise" made a combination with which not even the most delicate ear could find fault.

One of the examples always cited in the English-American parallel columns to which we have referred is the name for the hired passenger vehicle. "Cab" is given as the English and "hack" as the American version. But the hired freight vehicle, which is a "truck" here and a "dray" in divers other parts of the United States, is entitled to just as much notice. Even when we borrow words from abroad we do not use them consistently. A Chicago man who recently moved to New York complained that here the words "café" and "buffet" were absolutely reversed in meaning. In Chicago, a "buffet" served food, a "café" merely potations; here the "café" became a restaurant and the "buffet" a bar.

It might be profitable to inquire whether the differences of speech between our transatlantic cousins and ourselves are becoming greater or less as intercourse between the two countries becomes closer. But by all means let the investigation embrace also the differences between the various members of this commonwealth. In the days of "bleeding Kansas" it is said that when the pro-slavery men controlled a river crossing they would tie a cow near the bank, and if any immigrant called it a "keow," drive him back at the point of the pistol. When the Abolitionists held a ford, they returned the compliment by keeping a tame bear; all those who called it a "bar" being assumed to be friends of slavery. Thus local pronunciations have played a part in our—perhaps apocryphal—history. If the international distinctions are enough now to define a separate language, how many may we not find in a land where the very swallows in their annual migration become successively "buhds," "boids," and "burds"?

PHILOLOGISTS AND ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT WASHINGTON.

The American Philological Association and the Archæological Institute of America met together at Washington this year, January 1 to 5, by invitation of the George Washington University. The attendance was unusually large, and though none of the papers read—fifty-three in all—were epoch-making, or road-breaking, their average of excellence and interest was reasonably high.

Both the Philological Association and the Archæological Institute have, despite themselves, a distinctly classical trend. The former society was founded on a generous platform that supported philology in the widest sense, and this platform has never been changed. But the era of specialization has dawned. There are still a number of Orientalists on the membership list of the Philological Association, but most of them prefer to present their papers before the Oriental Society. The Modern Language Association has also drawn off a number. But the society shows no lack of vitality, nor any signs of suffering from the alleged decadence of classical studies, or especially of Greek studies, in this country. A majority of the papers presented at this meeting were on Greek subjects. Of the others one only was concerned with the history of text, one only with ancient religions, two (by a single person) were on Sanskrit subjects, two on inscriptions, two on traces of Latin literature in English, and one on a pedagogical theme. Only a single paper was on a topic of ancient history. The Archæological Institute is also constituted as a general archæological society, and some of the early work in American archæology done under its auspices will not be forgotten. Moreover, it is making an endeavor to revive and increase its former glories in this field. The papers presented at the Washington meeting were of widely varied theme and content, surveying the early works of mankind, if not from China to Peru, at least from western Asia to Mexico. The title of one of them, by Edgar L. Hewett, fellow of the Institute in American Archæology, might seem a proper subject for investigation by the Philological Association: "Itlatlalnamictiliz Tepoztecatl." But the Institute was the founder of the American Schools of Classical Studies at Athens and at Rome, and the active work of these schools cannot fail to give a sufficient classical twist to the programmes of its meetings.

The two societies met three times in joint session. At the first of these the celebration of the recent incorporation of the Institute by Act of Congress was held, with brief addresses by various representatives of the Institute in its different spheres of activity. At the second, on Wednesday evening, the president of the American Philological Association, Prof. Elmer Truesdell Merrill of Trinity College, Connecticut, delivered the annual address, "On Certain Roman Characteristics." He discussed the nature of "classical" traits and tendencies, and pointed out that the Romans were devoid of all of these, but would have made pretty good Americans. At the third joint session papers were read by representatives of each body, and the Philological Association demonstrated that it had not surrendered its hold on archæology.

The Institute retains its chief administrative officers, but appoints two additional associate secretaries, Prof. F. W. Shipley of Washington University at St. Louis for the Middle States, and Prof. H. R. Fairclough of Stanford University for the Pacific States, in addition to Prof. Mitchell Carroll of George Washington University for the Eastern States. It also puts into the field a Director of American Archæology, who is to have charge of all its investigations in this line. The Philological Association, which makes an annual change in its highest administrative officer, elected as president for the ensuing year Prof. F. W. Kelsey of the University of Michigan, and raised to the vice-presidency Prof. E. B. Clapp of the University of California, who will serve as colleague to Prof. E. D. Perry of Columbia University. A scheme for a revision of the constitution was proposed to the Association, and lies over for a year for report and consideration. By it the Association would be organized in three sections, Eastern, Central, and Western (it already has a Western Section in the Philological Association of the Pacific Coast). The Association would then hold biennial meetings instead of annual, and the sections would meet separately in the alternate years, and, if they saw fit, at other times also. The next joint meeting of the Philological Association and the Institute will be held at the University of Chicago December 27 to 31, 1907.

At the meeting of the Managing Committee of the American School of Classical Studies in Rome, the resignation of the Director, Richard Norton, on account of ill health, was accepted, and Prof. Jesse Benedict Carter of Princeton, who is now serving as professor in the school, was elected Director for three years.

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A pleasant feature of the meeting was the reception given the members by President Roosevelt at the White House, on Friday afternoon. In a brief, but characteristic, address the President pointed out that there was no fear that this country would not have enough material prosperity, but every reason to be anxious that it should appreciate the less material things, and should do its share in productive scholarship.

The eighth annual meeting of the Philological Association of the Pacific Coast was held December 27 to 29 at the University of California, Berkeley. The programme included papers by W. A. Merrill, S. A. Chambers, J. H. Senger, E. B. Clapp, H. C. Nutting, A. W. Ryder, Barry H. Cerf, B. P. Kurtz, R. Dupouey, J. T. Allen, H. K. Schilling, H. W. Prescott, and A. L. Kroeber of the University of California; J. Elmore, B. O. Foster, J. E. Matzke, H. R. Fairclough, and A. T. Murray of Stanford; J. E. Church, University of Nevada; and W. F. Bade, Pacific Theological Seminary. The following officers were chosen for 1906-1907: President, H. R. Fairclough, Stanford; vice-presidents, H. K. Schilling, University of California; J. E. Matzke, Stanford; secretary and treasurer, Leon J. Richardson, University of California.

M. RIBOT, ACADEMICIAN — A PRIZE NOVEL.

PARIS, December 21.

Perhaps the French Academy, which is a conservative body, intended honoring the few remaining Conservative Republicans when it elected their chief representative, Alexandre Ribot. All parties were represented yesterday at his solemn reception among the Forty Immortals. In his inaugural discourse M. Ribot spoke deprecatingly of the scant literary baggage which he brings to his seat. It consists almost entirely of his Parliamentary discourses. In figure he is such a man as was seen oftener in America before the war than now. He has that look which makes a man called "distinguished," in spite of an almost professional simplicity. He is correct in his gestures as in his dress, tall, hawk-nosed, slightly stooped, decidedly old-fashioned and unaffected, but stately.

The answering discourse of reception was given by one much younger as a man, though several years older as an Academician, Paul Deschanel. M. Deschanel reminded M. Ribot that he was born in the misty North; that he began as a barrister under the Empire by a regulation lecture on the English Lord Erskine (it was published as a book); that from the very first adoption of the Republican Constitution, in 1875, he began his political career. When Panama shook the Republic to its foundations, M. Ribot as the safe man became head of the Government. Such are a few of his defeats and triumphs. In the late years he has been, though not a Catholic, fighting a losing battle against the attempt to organize religion by the arbitrary power of the State—against "the free Church in the sovereign State," according to the latest formula.

In his own longer and more complete discourse, M. Ribot went on to say that "in our day the new edict of Nantes" is turning like the old, crushing then Protestants, now Catholics "when least dangerous."

The annual Goncourt prize of the Académie des Dix has been awarded to a novel with a key—"Dingley, l'Illustre Écrivain," by the brothers Jérôme and Jean Tharaud. Of these hitherto unknown authors, one has for antecedents diplomatic service along the Danube and a position as secretary to Maurice Barrès of the "other" Academy. The Goncourt brothers intended that their prize should be awarded with a particular view to independence and singularity of thought and style. No one—English and Americans least of all—can complain this year. Dingley, celebrated writer, is very obviously none other than Rudyard Kipling.

Dingley "seemed born at the world's dawn, in times when the senses of men rivalled those of beasts." He knew fame at an age "when a man's strength is entire enough to love it"; but now, past forty and fearing his fame may have no morrow, he looks out for something likely to last in the minds of his countrymen. Like Disraeli, he goes empire-building—out to South Africa, where he imagines soldiers of the Queen are trained into heroes after recruitment from the slums by a sergeant's promises and gin.

In vain Mrs. Dingley, with the common sense inherited from her French ancestors, who were emigrants to America, seeks to inspire in her husband fear of such an apostleship of selfish, harsh Imperialism—"forget not the trees and the beasts." Dingley holds fast, and, with wife and infant son, sets out for South Africa, documenting himself by the way. But he assimilates only such human documents as nourish the Imperialist brain cells, which are now most vital in him. In vain O'Reilly, who has been there, explains to him that the most resonant cavalry charge is only "a flight forward," due to the instinct of self-preservation. In vain Dingley himself inspects the transport Vulture, with the homesick men and horses in its nauseating hold—do not the men begin singing his own war-songs?

There is, by the way, a rather French stimulant to Dingley's imagination in the person of a Hindu girl whom he sometime took away from a Calcutta opium den; she, reciting legends of man's early day in hieratic pose and ornament, keeps brightly burning within him that ideal light which quenches the shadows of reality. The encounter of a squadron of battleships, British flag a-flying, finishes the lasting intoxication of this herald of England's strength.

At Cape Town Dingley hurries to the front, while Mrs. Dingley and little Arthur remain behind with a family of Afrikanders, of whom the grandmother, a pioneer, silently hates the conquering English; the father is loyal to the Queen; and the son, who has studied at Oxford, is off fighting with the Boers. Child Dingley falls sick from miasms of the concentration camps; and Dingley, thanks to the Afrikander son, who holds him prisoner, gets back just in time. His agonizing wait at Bloemfontein is told in that nightmare style, absolutely clear and naked, which is so congenial to Goncourt art. Arthur dies, Dingley falls harder than ever under the sway of Imperialism, and Mrs. Dingley is left alone and disconsolate. The Afrikander son is captured, arms in hand; and not the entreaties of grandmother and father, not those of his wife, not the remembrance of kindness in his own cruel need, can move Dingley to intercede for the life of the prisoner—the Imperial Moloch must not be cheated of its prey. Back in London, before the cinematograph which reproduces the execution scene, deafening British applause assures Dingley that now he is indeed the romancer first in the hearts of his countrymen.

S. D.

Correspondence.

AN ADMIRER OF THE PRESIDENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am glad we have a President who has ideas of his own on public questions and is not afraid to express them. I am also glad he has men like Root and Taft in his Cabinet, who also stand for individual ideas. Whether the President and his advisers are always right is to me of far less importance than to have them possessed of convictions. I have been opposed to Republican doctrine for a long time on most questions of importance, and am so opposed to-day; but I more strongly object to the no-account policy of the Democrats since Cleveland's Administration. I am sick and tired of opposition that has no life, purpose, or sincerity except to oppose.

Theodore Roosevelt, while subject to the imperfections that must come from such an impetuous fund of life and energy directed in so many ways, has an average of great and good deeds to his credit. It is this average that tells. He has done lasting good to this country and the world by persistently stirring up investigation and recommending legislation against the great corporations. The development of these vast organizations for the control of capital and industry has been the worst danger that has ever threatened this country. The remedy no one has suggested or yet apparently dreamed of, not even the President himself. But he has forced the issue that the unjust conditions under which many of these great combinations have obtained such power should be exposed. But for his attitude there never would have been a public opinion behind Hughes in the insurance investigations. The rotten methods are being uncovered to-day as never before; and it is only by discovery of the nature of the disease that a remedy can be provided.

Persistent, constantly presenting some new phase of the subject; where he is faced by a gang of politicians who propose to question his policy, going off to some other attack; he has followed a new plan of warfare that I admire. Cleveland was my ideal, but his stubborn front gave us only the glorious spectacle of one strong man defying an army for a principle. But Roosevelt has achieved results. You may say he compromises with men of all sorts. It is the result that tells. "No compromise" is an ideal attitude, but we do not find it in the life of any man who accomplished anything. Ministers, professors, business men,

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rulers—all must concede something to the variations of public conscience when it comes to constructive coöperation. Individuals may lead only by a proper consideration of those who are to be led; and this is destructive of high ideals except those that are hid deep down in the heart of things and inspire the best acts and purposes. So this is why I admire and shall support Theodore Roosevelt.

BENJAMIN SPAULDING.

Boston, Mass., December 29.

EFFECT OF TARIFF ON WOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Conditions have so changed since the enactment of the McKinley tariff that if ever the imposition of a duty on raw materials, like wool and hides, was justifiable, it certainly is no longer so. The population of the country, which needs to be clothed, has nearly doubled in the interval, whereas there has been no such increase in the number of cattle and sheep. In the *American Wool and Cotton Reporter* of December 27 tables of the wool production of the country from 1840 to 1906 are published. A comparison of 1886 and 1906 shows an increase of only ten million pounds of wool, viz., from 302 millions to 312. As this is evidently inadequate to provide for the number added to our population in these twenty years, the result is shown on another page of the same issue, treating the consumption of worsted and woollen yarns. The reviewer says:

The only point to be considered, in remarking on the small volume of business compared to former years, is the almost universal use of a percentage of cotton yarns in mixed effects for these weavers. Where the call was formerly almost entirely for the worsted yarn, only about two-thirds of the business is now done in the worsted and the balance in cotton or other cheap grades of yarn. The goods market has been the sole cause of this change, it being practically impossible for the commission houses to get a price from their customers which would warrant the weaver in using all worsted yarns.

One of the consequences of our legislation, therefore, greatly enhancing the cost of wool, has been the increased use of cotton by manufacturers of so-called woollen goods. Speaking for the knit-goods industry, I am forced to believe from experience and observation that there is more cotton than wool used nowadays. In the clothing industry I have been informed by manufacturers that the deterioration of wool cloths has been carried to such an extent that now there are cloths in the market of which but 10 per cent. is wool. If, on this statement of facts, it can still be thought that our tax on wool is beneficial and advisable, there is no argument conceivable to the mind of man which would convince persons holding such an opinion of the contrary.

MAX LOWENTHAL.

Rochester Knitting Works, Rochester, N. Y., January 3.

JOHN CABOT'S FIRST MAP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the course of some studies on the earliest explorations of the northeastern littoral of North America, I have to-day come across evidence, amounting in my opinion to absolute proof, that the island with the inscription "Litus incognitum" on Waldseemueller's World Map of 1507 is in form a first-hand copy of the long-lost chart made by Cabot in 1497. I identify the coast line of this map with that between Penguin I. and Catalina Hr., Newfoundland, on Popple's map of 1733. If my conclusions are accepted, Cabot's landfall on June the 24th, 1497, at Cape Bonavista, is placed beyond dispute, and the extent of his exploration—from Cape Freels, around Bonavista Bay, to Catalina Harbor in Trinity Bay—approximately determined. Waldseemueller's maps of 1507 are reproduced by Fischer and Wieser in a work published by H. Stevens, Son & Stiles in 1903.

G. R. F. PROWSE.

Brandon Hills, Manitoba, December 12.

AN ENGLISH VIEW OF THANKSGIVING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following letter to the editor of the *Oxford Magazine*, which appeared in the issue for December 5, may be of interest to your readers. C. H. C. W.

Cambridge, Mass., December 30.

SIR: Can you allow me a few lines to express disapproval of the conduct of the Dean and Chapter in allowing a Thanksgiving Day service in the Cathedral? We may be as friendly as we will to the Americans in Oxford, as men, but surely it behooves us to remember that their national festivals are held to celebrate the defeat of our arms. On these occasions they are rebels and traitors, and to encourage them is to be guilty of treasonable practice. I am, sir, etc., LOYALIST.

AN INQUIRY FOR UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I inquire through these columns whether any of your readers possess, or have knowledge of, unpublished documents bearing upon (1) the early trade relations between Louisbourg and New England; (2) the methods of privateering employed during either siege, or any incidents connected therewith; (3) the disposition of French prisoners taken at the siege of 1745, and especially anything relating to the Marquis de Maisonfort, commander of the Vigilant; (4) the New England forces at the siege of 1758.

I should encroach too much upon your space if I attempted to set forth here the purpose of these inquiries; but I should expect to satisfy any one who would be willing to furnish information on these points, as to the use that will be made of it. MARY H. ROLLINS.

74½ Pinckney Street, Boston, December 29.

A DISCLAIMER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Pray permit me to state that my communication to the *Nation* of December 20, regarding the "Plan of the National Museum," was an expression of my private and individual opinions, and was not intended to reflect the views of any of the societies or other organizations of which I am a member. At the time the letter was written, it did not occur to me as a possibility that it could be regarded otherwise than as a personal expression, for which I alone am responsible.

W. T. HORNADAY.

New York, January 1.

Notes.

The Macmillan Co. expects to publish in March the "Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin," edited by Rollo Ogden. The work will be in two volumes, and will be based largely upon material not before printed.

There is to be a new series of thin-paper books, the Large-Print Edition, issued by Doubleday, Page & Co. As the name indicates, the distinguishing feature of the volumes will be the large type used. The series is to begin with "Wuthering Heights," and all the Brontë novels are to follow.

John W. Luce & Co. issue Blake's "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," in a thin pocket-volume, offering a good opportunity to those who wish an easy introduction into the writer's so-called prophetic books.

The attempted resuscitation of Oscar Wilde is continued in two new publications. One, issued by John W. Luce & Co., contains "Recollections of Oscar Wilde," by Ernest La Jeunesse, André Gide, and Franz Blei; the translation is by Percival Pollard. A more instructive volume, published by Brentano's, contains his lecture on "Decorative Art in America," together with a series of letters, reviews, and interviews. Richard Butler Glaenzer edits the book, providing notes, and an introduction written from a sympathetic and æsthetic point of view.

The English "Who's Who, 1907" (The Macmillan Co.) reaches almost to two thousand pages, although the tables of information, which used to go with the book, are crowded out into a separate publication, the "Who's Who Year-Book." It might seem that all American names could be omitted, now that these are so accessible in the American volume. But we have no intention of quarrelling with the most useful reference book after the dictionary.

We take pleasure in recording the prompt appearance of Whitaker's "Almanack" and "Peerage" for 1907.

"The Record of the Celebration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Benjamin Franklin, under the Auspices of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia for Promoting Useful Knowledge"—the full title is sufficient description of a handsome memorial volume, which is to be followed by another of the same nature. It contains the speeches and letters brought out by Franklin's bi-centennial in Philadelphia last April.

In two well-intentioned volumes Fitzgerald Molloy has brought together a series of interconnected biographies which he calls "Sir Joshua and His Circle" (Dodd, Mead & Co.). The material is old enough to any one at all familiar with eighteenth-century memoirs, and it cannot be said that Mr. Molloy's attempts to be vivacious are always highly successful, nor does it inspire confidence to describe scenes as if the writer were present and spoke from memory of "wistful eyes" and the like. Yet

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the subject itself is attractive, and the book may be recommended to those who wish through a single work to get a moderate acquaintance with the most interesting group of men and women in English letters.

The fair and frail ladies of the Restoration are presented to our attention again in a handsome edition of the "Memoirs of Count Gramont," edited by Allan Fea and published in London by Bickers & Son (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons). The period has not been neglected—from Mrs. Jameson's "Beauties of the Court of Charles II." and Peter Cunningham's "Story of Nell Gwyn" down to the recent "Court Beauties of Old Whitehall," by W. R. H. Trowbridge, and Allan Fea's own "Some Beauties of the Seventeenth Century." Of the Gramont "Memoirs" there have been innumerable editions since Abel Boyer's translation early in the eighteenth century. Mr. Fea's text is that which Sir Walter Scott issued anonymously in 1811, corrected by the late Henry Vizetelly's version of 1889. The excuse for this new edition is, of course, the pictures, for which Mr. Fea has ransacked private galleries and public collections. The book contains a dozen photogravures and seventy-six half-tone plates, some of them containing two portraits. Mr. Fea's Introduction is practically nothing but a bare statement of the sources of these pictures. He has found a number of new portraits and discovered some mistaken attributions. In appendixes he gives Cunningham's Chronology of the "Memoirs," and a sketch of Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, drawn mainly from Steinman's "Althorp Memoirs" and from the Letter-book of Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, in the British Museum. Mr. Fea also supplies copious footnotes—almost too copious. It was hardly necessary, for example, to quote at length from Bishop Gilbert Burnet and Voltaire in support of Gramont's statement that on the return of Charles II. the people "exhausted themselves in festivals and rejoicings." Notes, however, are easily skipped. The book is beautifully printed in large, clear type. The half-tones are not always distinct, partly because many of the originals are dimmed with age. The photogravures are excellent.

H. Buxton Forman has again tried his hand at editing Keats, this time "The Poetical Works" in a single volume for the Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde). This edition differs in aim from his exhaustive Library edition and the complete Variorum edition, which he prepared for Gowans & Gray of Glasgow. The object is "to supply in handy form an authoritative text of the whole body" of Keats's work in verse. The footnotes contain the more important variants, but by no means all. Mr. Forman has chosen from the great mass of cancelled passages and manuscript copies such readings as are "likely to be helpful to those who would form a conception, not only of the results which Keats arrived at, but also of the steps by which he attained them, so far as those steps may be said to have a true literary or psychological value." Thus "Lamia," "Isabella," "The Eve of St. Agnes," "Ode to a Nightingale," and "Hyperion," among Keats's more notable productions, are fully annotated, while such inferior poems as "Otho the Great" and "The Cap and Bells" receive less attention. The Introduction is extremely valuable as a succinct bibliography of Keats. Mr. Forman describes in detail the several *editiones principes*, and the manuscript sources, such as letters and transcripts of poems by Keats himself, by members of his family, and by friends There is also a nine-page list of books consulted in preparation of the edition. The whole forms a pretty complete guide to the student of Keats. It is interesting to note that in 1906, eighty-five years after Keats's death, Mr. Forman has succeeded in unearthing sixteen lines of "The Eve of St. Mark," which appear for the first time in this edition. They are shown in facsimile; but they add nothing to the poet's reputation. The typography of this substantial volume is all that could be desired.

W. Robertson Nicoll's "Key of the Blue Closet" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is a book of miscellaneous essays dealing in a sane, genial way with the conduct of life. Mr. Nicoll has followed his own precept, that "to look aright on human beings we must wear the spectacles of an indulgent kindness." His method is to take some phrase in common use or some significant incident, and to give it a general and wider application, always seriously and practically, but with a great deal of humor and a singularly wide range of anecdote and quotation. There is a certain resemblance to A. C. Benson's writing in Mr. Nicoll's quiet observation and humanity, his constant use of anecdote, and his easy references to the latest book he has been reading. There is, too, always a personal quality, like that of letters and diaries. The style is direct and, on the whole, even, though it lacks the charm of Mr. Benson's, and in places is rather elliptical. It ought to be a compliment to say that this book is thoroughly sound, genial, and interesting, without being in the least clever, and without any of the little tricks of paradox and epigram that appeal to our decade.

"Thomas Hill Green, a memoir, by R. L. Nettleship, with a short preface specially written for this edition by Mrs. T. H. Green," is a separate reprint of the memoir which Nettleship included in his edition of the Oxford philosopher's works. So admirable an account of a great man well deserves the wider circulation which one hopes it may obtain in this independent form. Those already familiar with it will turn with some eagerness to the new preface by Professor Green's widow. Unfortunately, it is even shorter than the title-page might lead one to expect. It is merely explanatory of the republication, and adds nothing to our knowledge of the man.

A Life of Helen Keller has just been added to their Anna Library (books sold for two cents) by the Christian Literature Society of Madras. A Bombay paper congratulates its Indian readers on the publication. It is confident that the story of the heroic struggles and undaunted perseverance of this young blind and deaf student will prove an inspiration to many another who feels handicapped in the effort to gain an education.

Students of our early history will be interested in the third volume of the publications of the Bostonian Society, just issued. The first paper in this volume is an account of the preparations for the successful expedition to Nova Scotia in 1710, drawn mainly from Sewall's Diary and the official documents. It contains sketches of the prominent men in the colony, and many incidents which throw light on the customs of the time, as well as the method of conducting meetings of the council. A proclamation calling for volunteers says that they would be permitted to keep their firearms, which accounts for the old Queen Anne muskets found hanging over the kitchen fire-places in so many New England farm-houses at a later date. Lowell had these weapons in mind when he wrote one stanza in "The Courtin'":

> Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
> An' in amongst 'em rusted
> The ole queen's-arm thet Gran'ther Young
> Fetched back f'om Concord busted.

The other papers are upon Faneuil Hall, some reminiscences of Boston in 1813, and condensed biographies of the subscribers to a fund raised in 1657 for building the first Town House, headed by Gov. John Endicott. A photogravure of the list, as well as several illustrations and a map of the harbor in 1711, adds to the value and attractiveness of the volume.

The mystery of Mohammedan civilization has seldom been read so clearly and described so picturesquely as by André Chevrillon, in his "Crépuscule d'Islam" (Paris: Hachette et Cie). His book, practically on Fez, is wholly admirable in its class—sketches of things seen and perceived in a comparatively short stay, by a traveller with eyes unclouded by over-familiarity. He is thus an impressionist, but his impressions and the ideas which went with them of the land and the people of Morocco, their present condition and their possible future, are stamped with truth. A longer stay might have dulled the sharpness of the outlines, but a still longer one and a thorough study of the Muslim faith and literature—he appears to have had no knowledge of Arabic to speak of—would only have brought him back to the same results. It is the rarest thing for one who is not an Orientalist to come so close to the secret of Islam as M. Chevrillon has here done. The country itself stands out before us in his descriptions, portrayed in delicate, suggestive French, exhausting the wide color vocabulary of a painter in words. The changeless helplessness of the people, demoralized by the universal ailment of sloth, their lack of any conception of the possibility of a new thing—of a world other than as Allah created it, their shrinking collapse under pressure or wild flare into fanaticism if the nerve of their religion be touched, the absolute sapping through sensuality of all vital energy—these, too, are made plain. And yet the calm of it all and the beauty! At first this land of dreams seems a refuge from the gradual uglification (*enlaidissement*) of the earth by our industrial civilization, but with knowledge of the reality behind and beneath, that artistic selfishness must depart. Says M. Chevrillon, "J'ai fini par comprendre que tout vaut mieux que la présente stagnation putride." It would be well if more travellers had eyes to see the same rotting stagnation behind the Oriental magic; the glory and the havoc of the East. But this is a very exceptional book.

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An admirable study of savage life is given by W. H. R. Rivers in "The Todas" (The Macmillan Co.). The Todas are a non-Aryan people of the south of India, who have been little exposed to outside influences and have maintained their institutions substantially intact. Mr. Rivers (who has worked with Dr. Hadden in Torres Straits) goes into minute detail in the description of customs and beliefs, rightly holding that things apparently unimportant may prove to be significant. The most interesting of the Toda ceremonies are those connected with the cult of the buffalo; they are elaborate, and represent the real religion of the people. The volume contains also much valuable material concerning the social organization of the Todas, their sacred days and places, and their funeral and marriage ceremonies. Mr. Rivers confines himself to what he has himself seen or has heard from trustworthy persons. He has added a bibliography, a glossary, and an index.

We have a similar study from Mr. Dudley Kidd, who follows up his earlier Kaffir researches ("The Essential Kafir") with a second book, "Savage Childhood, a Study of Kafir Children" (The Macmillan Co.). He restricts himself to the period from birth to the dawn of puberty, and finds that a stout volume does not exhaust his material. Though his subject is the child, its training, amusements, and mental qualities, he of necessity introduces information on many related points, and his book may be relied on as accurate in its statements of fact. His conclusion is that Kaffir children are very much like their white cousins, so that a study of them is a study in general child psychology. It is to be hoped that he will supplement this work with a volume on the adolescent period of Kaffirs; it is a question of interest how far the intellectual quickness of the child is maintained or increased in the young man or the young woman.

The Bible, either the whole or a part, is now published in more than five hundred languages. During the last year eleven new versions were added, and translation or revision work is now in progress in over a hundred languages. The larger part of the editions for the Far East are printed in Japan. The annual circulation of the British and Foreign Bible Society alone is about six million copies. Scriptures for the blind in fifteen different languages are also published by this society.

Evidence of the wide influence of critical studies of the New Testament is had in Edward H. Hall's "Paul the Apostle, as Viewed by a Layman" (Little, Brown & Co.). The view here presented is that of the historical spirit, of just and sympathetic appreciation of a great, though very human, actor in an important crisis in the world's spiritual life. Critical scholarship since Baur has been laid under tribute, and the opinions of such students as Pfleiderer, Hausrath, Wernle, and Weizsäcker have been diligently compared and carefully estimated. Paul as a man of his time, weighted with the crudities of Jewish theological speculation and led frequently into inconsistencies by the strength of his religious fervor, is very well described in Mr. Hall's chapters on "The Mystic" and "The Theologian"; and the problems which faced Paul are made graphic in the section on his missionary activity. The author's limitation would appear to be lack of grasp of the importance of the service which Paul rendered to early Christianity. The greatness of Paul's work and influence does not find sufficient explanation. It needs a good deal of an enthusiast to portray the great apostle with any competency, though fair-minded criticism, such as Mr. Hall's, may render good service in scattering misapprehensions and awakening slumbering minds to existing problems and to the complexity of personalities which have been treated to easy and insufficient classification.

Biblical history and literature are such vast themes, and the literature dealing with the various phases of the subject is now so extensive, that a manual of introduction to the study should serve a useful end. This is the purpose of the "Outlines for the Study of Biblical History and Literature," by Frank Knight Sanders and Henry Thatcher Fowler (Charles Scribner's Sons). The volume, one of the Historical Series for Bible Students, contains chronological outlines for the entire period of Biblical history, brief sketches of the history, with references to the Scriptural sources, and concise descriptions of the literary character of the various books of the Bible. Endeavor is made to refer the student to the more important passages in the literature of recent Biblical criticism, and thus lead to discriminating use of the best authorities. These bibliographical references are the most valuable feature of the book, and, though they are by no means exhaustive, others than amateurs will find them useful. It is remarkable that even in a "Selected Bibliography" the translation of Gunkel's enlightening "Legends of Genesis" should not find mention. As is the case with most works in English covering both the Old and the New Testaments, the treatment of Old Testament subjects is much superior.

The first specimens of a Christian literature in the ancient Nubian language have recently come into the possession of the Royal Library in Berlin. Prof. Karl Schmidt, of the theological faculty of the University in Berlin, brought with him from his *studienreise* last summer in Egypt the first papyrus fragments of this literature, every specimen of which had been lost, and the existence of which was known only from translations and references in foreign writers. The language of these texts, the Nubian, has not been used for literary purposes for many centuries.

To those who possess the requisite learning there is a peculiar pleasure in the classical versions turned out by English university men. It is an artificial garden, if you will, but has its delights for a taste frankly artificial. One of the best of these volumes is H. A. J. Munro's "Translations into Latin and Greek Verse," edited, with a photogravure portrait of the great Lucretian and with a prefatory note, by J. D. Duff (Longmans, Green & Co.). One might find much to comment upon in these pages. Most striking, perhaps, is the contrast between the pliancy of Greek and of Latin in following the sinuosities of English sentiment, as shown, for instance, in the double rendering of Shakespeare's "To be or not to be." The tone of the original is reproduced with curious felicity in the Greek, whereas in the Latin we get something impressive and effective, but quite different from the English. This is felt in the first line:

Esse iuvet necne esse, hoc in discrimen agendumst.
Ἔστ' ὤμεν ἢ μή; τοῦτ' ἐπισκεψώμεθα

On the other hand, the Latin falls in admirably with the slow and solemn cadences of such poems as Gray's "Elegy," which is translated in full.

A translation of "The Works" of Heine in twelve volumes has just been issued by E. P. Dutton & Co. As a matter of fact the edition is not complete, for it does not include some of Heine's less important writings, and in the pieces which are translated certain passages which might offend English and American readers are omitted. The first eight volumes, the prose, are from the hand of the late Charles Godfrey Leland. Very early in his career he translated Heine's "Reisebilder" and in 1890, at the instance of William Heinemann, the London publisher, he undertook the completion of the task. Of the merits and demerits of Leland's translations of Heine it is hardly necessary to speak at this late date. The "Pictures of Travel" have been before the public for half a century. In extenuation of any shortcomings, it may be urged that Heine is peculiarly difficult to translate. The charm, the subtlety, the allusiveness, are certain to evaporate in the process. These difficulties Leland understood and accepted. Finding perfection beyond his reach, he took considerable liberties with his author, cutting out, as he says, "the passages which modesty would taboo." It would be easy also to point out inaccuracies and infelicities. Nevertheless this may be said: if it is not always Heine, it is at least Leland—full of life and interest. When Leland died and left the undertaking to others, Mr. Heinemann engaged the late T. Brooksbank to translate the poetry. Now Heine's poetry is even more formidable than his prose. The exquisite simplicity of some of his verses cannot be transferred to another language. One can admire the courage of Mr. Brooksbank, but not the result of his labors. By a curious oversight at least a third of his effort was devoted to poems which Leland had already translated in the first volume of "Pictures of Travel." There is thus a considerable duplication. The work of Mr. Brooksbank is, as a whole, not superior to Leland's, but his translation of the familiar "Lorelei" is more successful in conveying the spirit of the original. He died, however, before he had a single volume through the press, and Margaret Armour (Mrs. W. B. Macdougall) did the last three volumes. It is enough to note that her verse is no improvement on that of Mr. Brooksbank. Those who want Heine's verse in translation must get it in bits here and there, from Emma Lazarus and others. Yet granting all defects, this edition stands as the best presentation in English of the bulk of Heine's writings.

In "Petrarchismo e Petrarchisti in Inghilterra" (Palermo: G. P. Lauriel), Irene Zocco presents us with a monograph which, though far from exhausting the field, shows much first-hand reading, and is a creditable study, readable, intelligent, and occasionally novel in its views. The writ-

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er is apparently at a disadvantage in not knowing the work done on the subject by Koeppel, Sidney Lee, and others, and, except for the help afforded by the essay of Segrè on Wyatt and Surrey, has plainly made most of her discoveries unaided. She traces the evolution of Petrarchism in England, from Wyatt and Surrey, through Watson, Sidney, and Spenser, to Shakespeare. Her most novel conclusions are that Euphuism is to be ascribed to the influence of Petrarch's sonnets, and that Shakespeare's dedications are Euphuistic. She points out that two of Sidney's sonnets, whose source has been hitherto unknown, are translations from Parabosco. The monograph is worthy of the attention of students of Elizabethan literature.

The H. W. Wilson Company of Minneapolis has begun the publication of quinquennial "Guides to Periodical Literature," the first issue including the years from 1900 to 1904. Some sixty-seven magazines are listed, the index running in a continuous alphabet for authors and titles and general topics. Some of the periodicals seem too trivial for such a record, whereas neither of the English quarterlies is represented. But on the whole the work bears all the marks of being well planned and carefully edited.

It is humiliating for American librarians, after all the pride they have taken in the "open-shelf" system, and just at the time when their arguments for it seem to be obtaining favor abroad, to be compelled to confess that it is proving a failure; but in our larger cities an increasing number of librarians are coming to this conclusion, and in one way or another are limiting and safeguarding access to the books. Of all the problems of library administration, the loss of books from the shelves is perhaps the most serious and vexatious. Its worst effect is not in the value of the books taken, or even in the loss of privileges suffered by the public in consequence, but in the change necessitated thereby in the attitude of the librarian towards the public. To compel the librarian to be a police officer on the lookout for thieves, is to take from library work itself its greatest charm. Apart from the mere safeguarding of the books, however, much may be said on the educational side in favor of the closed stack with only a limited number of books on open shelves. Access to a large collection, where the only classification is by subject, and the good, bad, and indifferent are thrown together without discrimination, means only added confusion to the unscholarly reader. Such a reader stands ten times the chance of making a wise selection when he is limited to a room in which there are only one-tenth as many books, and that tenth a selection of the best. This does not mean that the books in the closed stacks are to remain unused; through the catalogue, reading lists, and bulletins, they are all readily available to the reader who wants them. While serious doubts are thus cast on the wisdom of the open stack in this country, it is gaining ground in England and on the Continent. The plan has been introduced into several of the leading libraries of the kingdom, including some of the borough libraries of London; and those librarians who have introduced it are enthusiastic over its workings. Losses of books reported from the open shelves are almost too trivial to be noticed. One library, with a circulation of 450,000 volumes, reported a loss for the year of only two volumes.

RECENT VERSE.

For many readers, the publication of the "Lyrical Poems" of W. B. Yeats, complete in one volume (The Macmillan Co.), will be a literary event of considerable magnitude. Yet to one looking at the volume critically rather than Celtically, the doubt arises whether it will greatly help to solidify Mr. Yeats's standing, already respectable, as a poet of originality and distinction. The difficulty is that while the characteristic properties of Mr. Yeats's poetry—the voices and presences in nature, the Rosy Cross, the Celtic twilight, and all the "old unhappy far-off things" of Irish legend—powerfully impress the imagination in a slender book of verse, yet in a stout volume of collected poetical writings they become a little monotonous. That the poet should be "changed into a hound with one red ear" once imparts a pleasurable thrill of glamourie, but when this striking metamorphosis has occurred twice and thrice, it becomes a little ludicrous, and the poetic energy escapes in vapor. And so despite the continuity of the poetic sense that informs the book, and despite the consistent growth that it shows in workmanship, in felicity of tone and image, the pieces in it do not so much reinforce as neutralize one another. It seems doubtful whether in the mass Mr. Yeats's lyrical poetry can be appreciated save by a cult or will be remembered save by the curious. Yet there are fine things in the volume, none finer, perhaps than that vivid, mystical narrative, "The Wanderings of Oisin," written a score of years ago. Yet we imagine Mr. Yeats as a lyric poet is more likely to be remembered for the things in which he is least "Celtic," for such pieces, for example, as this, in which the magic of the wavering verse springs rather from a haunting, spiritualized simplicity than from a conscious "symbolism":

When you are old and gray and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

Wistfulness and waywardness have sometimes seemed to be the characteristic moods of the most characteristic poets of the present day. Mr. Yeats has perhaps turned the lurking wistfulness of a self-satisfied age to better account than any one else; of the waywardness that wilfully turns its back on the age to seek strange satisfaction in art, Arthur Symons is a conspicuous exponent. His latest volume, "The Fool of the World and Other Poems" (John Lane Co.), presents some curious contrasts to Mr. Yeats's lovely and melodious pages. Oddly enough for a disciple of Pater, Mr. Symons in his poetry so far from "constantly aspiring to the condition of music," seems to renounce melody and to seek rather to do the painter's work, to build an expressive picture from a group of sharp details all but regardless of beauty. He is quite content with such a line as

Farmyards a-fluster with pigs,

provided it can be made to compose in his picture; and it must be said for him that, startling as some of his images are, they seldom "thump." His most characteristic work is the climax of the expressive. Take, for example, his unpleasant "Andante of Snakes," how serpentine the coiling movement, how venomous the phrase:

They weave a slow andante as in sleep,
Scaled yellow, swampy black, plague-spotted white;
With blue and lidless eyes at watch they keep
A treachery of silence; infinite

Ancestral angers brood in these dull eyes
Where the long-lineaged venom of the snake
Meditates evil; woven intricacies
Of Oriental arabesque awake,

Unfold, expand, contract, and raise and sway
Swoln heart-shaped heads, flattened as by a heel,
Erect to suck the sunlight from the day,
And stealthily and gradually reveal

Dim cabalistic signs of spots and rings
Among their folds of faded tapestry;
Then these fat, foul, unbreathing, moving things
Droop back to stagnant immobility.

Such a selection as this, however, illustrative as it is of his "characteristic excess," gives but an imperfect idea of Mr. Symons's range. He has an admirable poetic scholarship and an equally admirable intellectual integrity; his cup may be small, but he drinks from his cup. The quality of thought that underlies his verse will perhaps be better seen in this conclusion of a trilogy of short pieces entitled "The Sick Man to Health":

The will, that ruled a city all its own,
And now, without sedition, like a king
Thrust quietly aside, is overthrown;
The memory, that of any former thing
Could character the poise, the form, the size,
The impress of its shape upon the air,
And now, forgetting its blithe energies,
Lies drowsing in the sun, or, as it lies,
Repeats a fond arithmetic of sighs;
Identity, that wanders like the smoke,
Following a wind that stays not anywhere;
Conscience, that would not waken though God spoke;
Cry to thee with an unavailing cry.

Yet Mr. Symons's pride in his intellectual integrity is sometimes his undoing. His uneasy hatred of the commonplace and his constant endeavor to give it as wide a berth as possible involve such an expenditure of energy that in the long run he falls a prey to the very thing he would escape—as a man specially fearful of some disease is pretty sure to catch it in the end.

That a good way to master the commonplace is boldly to embrace it is strikingly shown in the late Prof. N. S. Shaler's posthumous volume of Civil War poems, "From Old Fields" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The pieces are written in an unmusical blank verse, and there is scant trace of the surprising mastery of poetic diction which Mr. Shaler showed in his pentalogy of Elizabethan plays, yet, read consecutively, the volume is not only impressive, but poetically impressive. In a way, Mr. Shaler was the Crabbe of the battlefield. He saw the sordid, tragic, commonplaces of war with an undeluded eye, and portrayed them with a firm and vivid pen. The choice of the poetic form rather

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than prose was justified by the repressed emotion which underruns all of the poems and finally breaks out at the end into this reverberating finale in rhyme:

Eighteen hundred and sixty-one:
There in the echo of Sumter's gun
Marches the host of the Orphan Brigade,
Lit by their banners, in hopes best arrayed.
Five thousand strong, never legion hath borne
Might as this bears it forth in that morn:
Hastings and Cressy, Naseby, Dunbar,
Cowpens and Yorktown, Thousand Years' War,
Is writ on their hearts as onward afar
They shout to the roar of their drums. . . .

Eighteen hundred and sixty-three:
Barring Sherman's march to the sea—
Shorn to a thousand; face to the foe
Back, ever back, but stubborn and slow.
Nineteen hundred wounds they take
In that service of Hell, yet the hills they shake
With the roar of their charge as they onward go
To the roll of their throbbing drums. . . .

Eighteen hundred and sixty-five:
The Devil is dead and the Lord is alive,
In the earth that springs where the heroes sleep,
And in love new-born where the stricken weep.
That legion hath marched past the setting of sun:
Beaten? nay, victors: the realms they have won
Are the hearts of men who forever shall hear
The throb of their far-off drums.

The typicalness of Mr. Yeats's wistful escape from a world of deeds to a vagrom world of dream is shown by the number of volumes of contemporary verse that show the influence of his poetry or of his impulse. Of the volumes before us, "Songs to a Singer," by Rosa Newmarch (John Lane Co.) shows it most clearly. Miss Newmarch's exhortation,

Keep your dead, inviolate past,
Hold your pale ideal fast,
Well I know, who crave the whole,
Only dreams and memories last,

carries quite the message, if it has not quite the accent of the Celtic bards. Lance Fallaw's "Silverleaf and Oak" (The Macmillan Co.) likewise shows the spell, though Mr. Fallaw has read his Shelley to advantage, and learned how the poet's prism may break the pale light of mysticism in color. We like Mr. Fallaw best, however, in a group of poems in which he turns back from "the brink of the night and the morning" to sing of the sentiments of the imperialistic voyager, as in these stanzas from "The Southern Cross":

Ye nations born of Britain,
Behold your royal sign!
Gold on black velvet written
In skies below the Line,
Like taper-shrine of Mary,
Like shield of seraph-host;
For each in turn
Those bright points burn
By continent and coast.
One star for snow and prairie,
One for the island-home;
One for the belt
Of bush and veld,
One for the Barrier foam.
Like head of horned eland,
Like shape of gilded kite;
And the little star for New Zealand
Just under the Austral Light.

But never those starry daughters
Are seen by the Mother's eyes,
Never o'er English waters
The faery cressets rise.
Far must the hunter follow
Who stalks such lordly prey;
Far thro' the dark
Must plunge the barque
In phosphorescent spray,
Where the wet whale-fish wallow,
And southern icebergs swim,
Where sunset spills
Along the hills
New colors deep and dim;
Where the white floe-field dwindles
At touch of tropic seas,
There the High Angel kindles
The lamps that flame and freeze.

So still the lesson showeth
The worth of time and place;
Little the homester knoweth
The majesty of race.
But where round kingly Mitre
The mountains bare their scalps,
And winter spreads
The glacier-beds
Along the Southern Alps;
Where Sydney wave beats brighter
Than sheen of peacocks' necks;
Where the long train
By night doth strain
Through the wild hills of Hex;
By isles that hide with pine and moss
Some dead volcano's pyre,—
There will you find the Fiery Cross
And hearts that burn like fire.

The preface to "The Coast of Bohemia," by Thomas Nelson Page (Scribners), offers a fine confession of the faith of a minor poet:

There is for the minor poet also a music that the outer world does not catch—an inner day which the outer world does not see. It is this music, this light, which, for the most part, is for the lesser poet his only reward. That he has heard, however brokenly, and at however vast a distance, snatches of those strains which thrilled the souls of Marlowe and Milton and Keats and Shelley, even though he may never reproduce one of them, is moreover a sufficiently high reward.

The poetic sensibility foreshadowed in the above is very evident in Mr. Page's verse, and he has an admirable command of traditional poetic tone, as may be seen from these stanzas taken from the titular poem of the volume:

There not alone the great and lofty sing;
But silent poets too find there the song
They only sang in dreams when wandering
Amazed and lost amid the earthly throng;
Their hearts unfettered all from worldly fears,
Attuned to meet the spacious music of the spheres:

Gray, wrinkled men, with sea-salt in their hair,
Their eyes set deep with peering through the gloom,
Their voices low with speaking ever, where
The surges break beneath the mountains' loom;
But deep within their yearning, burning eyes
The light reflected ever from those radiant skies.

There fadeless youth, unknowing of annoy,
Walks aye with changeless Love; and Sorrow there
Is but a memory to hallow Joy,
With chastened Happiness so deep and rare,
Well-nigh the Heart aches with its rich content,
And Hope with full fruition evermore is blent.

From "The Days that Pass" (John Lane Co.), a volume of slight but graceful verse by Helen Huntington, we take another view of the poet's predicament:

Distraught, half-puzzled by the doors that close
Abruptly in his face.
Bewildered where the crowd of traffic flows,
Like one of other race,

Unmindful of the hours or of the day,
Or those who mock afar,
He dreams forever of the rose in May.
He sees the evening star.

"Sicut Patribus and Other Verse," by Oscar Fay Adams (published by the author), is a collection of correct, derivative pieces in many modes. Mr. Adams is most inspiriting when he indulges in frankly bookish sentiment, as in these stanzas from "Cambridge":

Here roamed "the scholar Gypsy" long ago;
Here gently ruled our "New World Philhellene";
Here came the wanderer from the Pays de Vaud;
And here New England's Sibyl passed between

The gates of birth. Here, where the lilacs hedge
The winding road, the Gentle Singer told
The Legend Golden; and the murmuring sedge
Of his loved Charles still with his name makes bold.

Here, where the Elmwood thickets lift their pyres
Of green, a later summons came, and he,
Our best and noblest, whose each word inspires,
Slipped from life's moorings on a shoreless sea.

The characterization of Mr. Adams's volume will do equally well for "Whisperings of the Sphinx" and "A Scrap Book of Pictures and Fancies," two books of verse by William Leighton (Chicago: Donnelly), though Mr. Leighton's writing is marked by a kind of fluent transcendentalism, explained by a group of sonnets in the second of the two books implying an early residence in the town of Concord, Mass.

Of the remaining volumes of recent verse now before us none seems of quite sufficient substance and distinction to justify extended comment. "The Worker and Other Poems," by Coningsby William Dawson (The Macmillan Co.) shows something of James Thomson's poignant view of the world, something also of a pre-Raphaelite savor of phrase, but it is only intermittently visited by any real spell of verbal magic and compelling mood. Oliver Huckel's version of "Tannhäuser" (Crowell) in blank verse narrative is a rather languid performance. One wonders why the narrative form was chosen for a theme so intensely dramatic in the largest sense. Wallace Irwin's "Random Rhymes and Odd Numbers" (The Macmillan Co.) shows the range of his humor and metrical skill, and is always good reading. But it fails to show quite the poetic energy of the volume of "Chinatown Ballads," of which we lately had to speak.

STUDIES IN ITALIAN HISTORY.

Documenti per la storia dei rivolgimenti politici del Comune di Siena dal 1354 al 1369, pubblicati con introduzione ed indici da Giuliano Luchaire. Paris: Libraire A. Picard et fils.

When Professor Langton Douglas's "History of Siena" appeared in 1902, it was welcomed by one of the greatest living Italian scholars as an "opera veramente insigne . . . che viene a dare l'ultima mano alle ricerche regionali degli ultimi vent' anni"; and the praise thus generously bestowed was fully deserved, for the work referred to is unquestionably one of the best books ever written by an Englishman about Italy. Yet, none the less for that, even the most whole-hearted of Professor Douglas's admirers can hardly fail to admit a singular inequality in his treatment of various periods. After guiding us with nimble and sure feet among the obscure by-ways of the thirteenth century, he seems, as he approaches the far less complicated history of the fourteenth century, to grow less certain of the path he ought to follow. The landmarks, though never lost, become blurred and doubtful. Nor is the reason for this apparent anomaly far to seek. "The researches of the last twenty years" had been almost entirely dedicated to the earlier history of the Commune; and, while all the Imperial or Ghibelline period is brightly illuminated by the investigations of Italian *eruditi*, summed up and epitomized in Professor

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Zdekauer's magnificent edition of the *Constitutum Comunis Senarum* of 1262, when Professor Douglas wrote, very little had been done to dispel the darkness which still brooded over the next 150 years. For the history of the magistracies of the *Nove*, the *Dodici* and the *Riformatori*, practically the only available authorities (if we except Paoli's "Monti o fazioni della Repubblica di Siena") were the "Cronaca Sanese" in Muratori and the "Historia" of Orlando Malavolti. In fact, Professor Douglas's shortcomings were not due to lack of ability or of industry, but simply to lack of available material.

Meanwhile, however, the *terra incognita* of the Trecento had begun to be explored, and, while "The History of Siena" was passing through the press, Julien Luchaire, professor of literature at the University of Grenoble, who had been working among the Sienese archives, published an interesting monograph, "Le Statut des Neuf Gouverneurs et Défenseurs de la Commune de Sienne." Of the additional material thus afforded immediate use was made by the author of the historical introduction to Miss Lucy Olcott's "Guide to Siena," which appeared in the spring of 1903 and was favorably noticed in these columns.

A few months later a key to the history of the whole of the first half of the fourteenth century was provided by the publication, in two large volumes, under the auspices of the Minister of the Interior, of the "Costituto del Comune di Siena volgarizzato nel MCCCIX-MCCCX," with an invaluable preface from the pen of Cav. Alessandro Lisini. It seems that Professor Luchaire had himself contemplated the publication of this statute; and, finding himself forestalled, he forthwith turned his attention to the succeeding epoch. The result of his researches is to be found in the work before us, which at last makes it possible to write a definite and final history of Siena up to the year 1370; while the "Provvedimenti economici della Repubblica di Siena nel 1382," which were published as long ago as 1895 by Alessandro Lisini, carry us very nearly to the end of the century. From the opening years of the Quattrocento, the difficulty is mainly one of selection, as the renewed excellence of Professor Douglas's subsequent chapters clearly demonstrates.

For M. Luchaire's book we have nothing but praise. The documents, which occupy more than three-quarters of the entire volume, are admirably selected from the "Statutes of the Commune" (Nos. 31-34), from the "Libro della Corona," and from the records of the *Concistorio* and of the *Consiglio Generale*. The index is copious and accurate and the introduction is a model of what such an introduction ought to be, not only forming a most useful commentary to the documents, but presenting us also with a masterly sketch of the earlier political history of the republic.

Nor is it the least of M. Luchaire's merits that he helps us to an entirely new point of view. In his "Songs Before Sunrise" Mr. Swinburne long ago hymned Siena as the "lady loveliest of my loves"; and, with the exception of Edmund G. Gardner, whose "Story of Siena and S. Gimignano," though pleasantly written, is far too superficial to have much permanent value, nearly all modern English writers who have treated of Siena have been Siena's lovers. They have hated where she hated and loved where she loved. As far as in them lies, they have looked upon the world through her eyes, and, in direct proportion to the devoutness of their worship, they have succeeded in interpreting her spirit to the public. In this respect no mediæval city has been better served; but such an attitude has its drawbacks, and it is well that even her lovers should learn whether the Sienese view of Siena is the true one. It is here that M. Luchaire has served us well, since, in dealing with his subject, he is as impersonal as an early chronicle, as impartial as a Supreme Court judge. Siena has won his affection, but her glamour has not blinded him, and in the present volume he regards the Sienese through their institutions. It is the democratic evolution which interests him, and he studies it, as it were, in a vacuum.

M. Luchaire informs us in his preface that he is preparing a larger and more ambitious work dealing with the whole history of the Commune of Siena in the Trecento. We can only say that, if he succeeds in living up to the high standard which he has set himself in the present volume, his name can hardly fail to find an honored place among the splendid list of learned men to whose labors Siena and those who love her owe so deep a debt of gratitude.

L'Opera Politica del Senatore I. Artom nel Risorgimento Italiano. Parte Ia. Collaborazione col Conte Camillo di Cavour. Per Ernesto Artom. Bologna; Zanichelli.

This is the most important contribution to our knowledge of the last years of Cavour's career that has appeared since Chiala completed his monumental collection of letters. Ernesto Artom has edited his uncle's papers with such scrupulous discretion that nobody now living can be injured by their publication. He has erred, if at all, on the side of reticence. We wish that he had furnished more notes and had been more careful to give dates and names, and that he had submitted his proofs to a competent reader. But when these deductions have been made, his book remains of permanent value as a historic source.

Isaac Artom, then in his thirtieth year, became Cavour's private secretary early in 1859, and served him to the end. Like Dinà, the ablest newspaper editor of modern Italy, whose talents Cavour discovered, Artom was a Jew. Between him and his chief perfect confidence prevailed. Artom was no mere stenographer, who writes out the letters that have been dictated. He had a remarkable gift for political analysis and diplomatic procedure, and he expressed himself forcibly but urbanely. So Cavour relied upon him to draft the most important dispatches, after discussing what their purport should be, and he often made no verbal change in them. Artom also sent budgets of inspired news to various correspondents in Paris and elsewhere, to be worked over into articles for the French, English, and German press, in order to create a European public opinion favorable to Piedmont. His post was no sinecure; for Cavour began his day at half-past four or five in the morning, and visitors in those early hours could hear Artom, writing behind a screen, in a corner of the statesman's bedroom.

The material in this volume which bears on specific historical events, begins with the outbreak of the war with Austria, in April, 1859. Here we find the original version of the reply to Austria's ultimatum; we find also that the address of the Venetian patriots, as well as the instructions to the Piedmontese plenipotentiary at the Zurich Conference, was really drawn up by Artom. Then follow over thirty pages of private telegrams, mostly inedited, which reveal the state of the peace negotiations from day to day. On Cavour's return to office we have several weighty papers touching the cession of Nice and Savoy—a sacrifice which Cavour wisely accepted as inevitable. But he was not to be bullied by Napoleon III. "If France employs force," he telegraphed on February 19, 1860, to his secret agent, Count Arese, "we shall protest energetically against the violation of the principle of non-intervention already admitted by her." And at the same time he bade Nigra, the Piedmontese minister at Paris, "declare to M. de Thouvenel that France may cause Nice and Savoy to be occupied and annexed by force, but that neither the King nor his Government will ever consent to sign a public treaty without stipulating the mode of voting, or will permit the votes to be taken under the menace of bayonets."

An important batch of documents refers to Garibaldi's Sicilian expedition, including the disingenuous dealings with the King of Naples, and the effort to secure the good will or at least the consent of Europe to the annexation of the Southern provinces. In general, this section contains much corroborative material, but none that calls for a revision of accepted views. Having made France his "accomplice," through ceding to her Nice and Savoy, Cavour turned to England for moral support in this most ticklish affair; and Palmerston and Lord John Russell met him half way and prevented Napoleon's disapproval from passing beyond verbal remonstrance. Gladstone, too, was a hearty supporter. In a letter of September 16, 1860, he expresses the hope that "Garibaldi, with or without the Sardinians, will become master of the Pope's territories outside of Rome." When serious British statesmen could write thus, no wonder that Continental diplomats took seriously Garibaldi's proposal to oust the Pope, and from the Campidoglio proclaim Victor Emmanuel King of Italy.

By far the most significant contribution in the volume is that of the letters which passed to and from Cavour and his agents in regard to a settlement with the Pope. The revelations of Dr. Pantaleoni and of Passaglia, who conducted his secret negotiations at Rome, are here amply confirmed by testimony from other persons whom Cavour employed on that most delicate mission. There seems to be little doubt but that at the moment of Cavour's death an agreement might soon have been reached. Cardinal Antonelli had, indeed, broken out in one of his periodic excesses of rage, but the desirability of a settlement was acknowledged by most of the Pope's supporters in Rome, and, what was of more immediate significance, the French Emperor was ready to withdraw his garrison, if

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he could do so without loss of prestige. The remarkable secret letter from Prince Jerome Napoleon to Cavour, of April 13, 1861, proves this; and the dispatch from Vimercati, received by Cavour only three days before he was stricken by his fatal illness, gave him good reason to hope for a speedy solution. Cavour's death did much more than interrupt the negotiations, for it removed not only the master mind, but the tradition of success. The diplomats at the Vatican and the Tuileries had reason to know him as a man who never gave up, and who in the long run conquered; his successors might inherit his policy, but they could not inherit his personality or his habit of winning, and they made but a sorry bungle of the Roman question when they tried to solve it.

Signor Ernesto Artom adds several pieces of biographical interest, including the elder Artom's admirable introduction to Cavour's "Discorsi Parlamentari," and an important article on the relations between Victor Emanuel and Cavour. There are also letters in which he describes Cavour's last illness and gives some touching personal details. A copy of the minutes of all the cabinet meetings held between January 6, 1859, and June 6, 1861, is an historical source of primary value. Two letters to the somewhat supercilious Professor Treitschke, in reply to his criticism of Cavour's achievement and of the Law of Papal Guarantees, may be commended as models of dignified rebuttal.

We cannot conclude without quoting these lines from a letter from honest Artom to Daniel Stern, dated June 9, 1861:

When he summoned me to his office, I had just lost my father; without wishing it, or being aware of it, I came to love him as another father. Whilst he lived I never dared to express my affection to him, but from the kindness he showed me I understood that he knew the whole extent of my devotion. . . . His heart was as great as his intelligence. In spite of moments of quickness and irritation, in spite of the passion with which he carried on political discussions, he hated nobody. In his confidential talks with me, he defended his enemies, saying good-naturedly that they were playing their proper rôle. His vast tolerance included all opinions: he made me, an Israelite, his private secretary, which did not hinder him from protecting the poor monks and from having friendly relations with Fra Giacomo. In a word, he was what all the world pretends to be, but is so little, a Liberal spirit and a generous heart.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A Bibliography of the Writings of Henry James. By Le Roy Phillips. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3 net.

This is a notable piece of bibliographical work, for more reasons than one. It is unusual to catalogue all the writings in books or periodicals of any author until his death. Mr. James is still alive, not yet seventy, and hale and sound. Thomas J. Wise's elaborate bibliography of Ruskin, 1893 (Ruskin died in 1900), is the most important instance we now recall. A few years ago, when Kipling was the favorite of collectors (alas, that day is past!), various essays towards a bibliography of his writings were put forth, but no one of them was so elaborate, accurate, or complete as this of Henry James. Mr. Phillips's work has been a labor of love, and his publishers can expect but scant returns for their expenditure on this well-made volume of almost two hundred pages. Collectors of Henry James are few; at the auction room there is almost no competition for first editions of his books. We recommend the gathering of a set of Henry James to the collector who wishes the joy of the chase, but whose purse does not permit the hunting of the costlier first editions of Hawthorne or Longfellow. With such a good bibliography, the interest in his books among collectors ought to increase, and prices should accordingly rise.

So far as we have been able to test it, Mr. Phillips's work is admirably done, and the amount of research must have been very considerable. The text is in three parts. Part I., "Original Works," is a chronological bibliography of books, giving the first edition, with lined-off title, collation, note as to binding, and full list of contents where made up of detached essays or stories, with the periodical and its date where each of the pieces first appeared. Following this account of the first edition is a record of later editions and of translations. As many of James's books were issued simultaneously in America and England, full transcripts and collations are given of the first English as well as the first American edition. In Part II. are described books by other authors to which James contributed. The titles are lined off and collations are given. Part III. is a very extended list of contributions of periodicals. His first appearance in print seems to have been an unsigned book review in the *North American Review* for October, 1864, when he was twenty-one. Upwards of two hundred contributions to the *Nation*, articles, reviews, and notes, are recorded from 1865 to 1879. The year 1875 was the most prolific, no less than fifty-five pieces being recorded as appearing in this weekly during that year. Most of these were unsigned, and the majority have never been collected or reprinted. This is true also to a considerable extent of contributions to other periodicals, the *North American Review*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Galaxy*, New York *Tribune*, etc.

An appendix contains an account of two plays by James which have been staged in London, but which have never been published, "The American," October, 1891, and "Guy Domville," January, 1895. At the end, in small type, is an exhaustive alphabetical list of titles, with references to the periodicals and books in which they are found.

The twelfth volume of "American Book Prices Current," compiled by Luther S. Livingston, has just been issued by Dodd, Mead & Co. This annual is so well known and has become so indispensable to dealers in rare books and to collectors that it demands no detailed notice. The 774 pages contain a record of prices of the books, manuscripts, and autographs sold at auction in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, from September 1, 1905, to September 1, 1906. The season covered in this twelfth volume surpassed every previous season in the number of lots sold and probably in the total sum obtained for them. The number of lots was 139,383, of which 14,600 are reported in this book. The highest price paid for a single volume was $1,500, at C. F. Libbie & Co.'s, Boston, for Poe's second book, "Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane and Minor Poems," Baltimore, 1829. A presentation copy of this book with autograph corrections by Poe brought $1,825 in 1903, and uncut copies went for $1,100 in 1900 and $1,300 in 1901. The next highest price for a single volume was for a third quarto of "The Merchant of Venice," 1637, $1,300, at the Anderson Auction Company in this city. A set of the four Shakespeare folios sold for $8,950 at Libbie's, but the first and the third folio were defective. Mr. Livingston observes that the increase in the price of early editions of Shakespeare and of books that refer to him is one of the striking features of recent auctions. A set of Audubon's Birds and Quadrupeds, the original folios with the accompanying text, went for $4,350 at Henkels's in Philadelphia. Comparatively few items of rare Americana were offered, but several items in this class ranged in price from $300 to $1,000. Some good collections of autographs were dispersed. There is no doubt, says Mr. Livingston, that the interest in autographs is increasing. More lots are being offered at auction and prices of specimens of the better class are rising.

The interest among collectors in the limited books issued by private or semi-private presses has fallen away greatly within the last two or three years. At the time when every book of the sort was eagerly snapped up, sometimes even commanding a premium before publication, a number of "presses" sprang into existence, some of them genuine printing establishments, others merely names. Many of these have closed down. For sane book-making, the Doves Press, formed by the binder, T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, and Emery Walker, was one of the best. The press has just issued Part I. of Goethe's "Faust," in German, from the 1887 Weimar edition. While the types are the same and the size of the book practically the same as in the Doves "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," the page is less attractive. The names of the speakers are in large capitals and red ink; the stage directions, though in lower case, are all in red, as is the marginal heading of each page. Where the speeches are short, as is often the case, the page is unpleasantly red. With this book, is sent gratis to subscribers an address on London by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, delivered before the Art-Workers Guild, March 6, 1891, and now printed by Richard Cobden-Sanderson. Both books are in limp vellum from the Doves Bindery.

The Essex House Press announces two new publications. "On the Need for the Establishment of Country Schools of Arts and Crafts" is a twenty-four-page pamphlet, in white buckram. "Dr. Johnson, an Essay," by Archibald Ramage, one of the compositors of the Press, contains thirty-two pages, and a portrait by Alec. Miller. Each appears in an edition limited to 200 copies, at five shillings each. The announcement of these two new books is accompanied by a list of the previous publications of the Press, fifty-nine in number. Most of the earlier issues are out of print.

On Monday afternoon and evening the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells a collection of Americana from a Southern

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library, including some autographs and book-plates. Among the books are Williamson's "North Carolina," 1812, 2 vols.; three copies (one slightly imperfect) of Haywood's "Civil and Political History of Tennessee," 1823; Williams's "History of Vermont," 1809; Belknap's "History of New Hampshire," 1791-1792, 3 vols.; the first edition of the "Book of Mormon," Palmyra, 1830; and numerous books on New York, Texas, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the Western Reserve. The autographs include letter books, account books, etc., of Robert C. Livingston, and a nearly complete series of autographs of the Presidents. On January 15 and 16 Anderson sells a private library and print collection. It contains a complete set of the historical monographs published by Goupil & Co., all on Japan paper.

On January 14 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city offers at auction a collection of autograph letters, among them specimens of Hawthorne, Cooper, Longfellow, Irving, Whittier, Holmes, Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, and many of the Presidents; and documents signed by Catherine the Great, Charles I. of England, Pope Clement VIII., Frederick the Great, George II., George III., George IV., Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVIII., and William IV. On January 15 the same company sells a bibliographical library including Harrisse's "Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima," with the Additions; Collier's "Rarest Books"; Hawkins's "Books from the Earliest Presses," Martin's "Privately Printed Books," Smith's "Catalogue of Friends' Books," Asher's "Dutch books on New Netherlands," Field's "Essay Towards an Indian Bibliography," and others, many being presentation copies.

On January 21 and 22, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, London, will sell a collection of autographs, letters, and manuscripts. The most interesting documents in the sale are twenty-five autograph letters of Dr. Samuel Johnson, chiefly written to Mrs. Piozzi, then Mrs. Thrale. These are to be offered first as one lot, but if the reserve price is not realized, they will be sold separately. The reserve price is not named in the catalogue. From the same source, probably, is a collection of poems, anecdotes, etc., upwards of five hundred and sixty pages bound in five volumes, all in the autograph of Mrs. Piozzi. Among the other more important letters are those of Sir John Burgoyne, John Wesley, Lord Nelson, Samuel Richardson (an interesting specimen, regretting that he had lost his former ease of writing), Edmund Kean, Benjamin Disraeli (eleven early letters), David Livingston (five long letters sold as a lot), Marie Antoinette, and Sir John Franklin. On January 24 the same firm will sell the library of Archibald Ballantine of Edinburgh. There are first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, and Ainsworth, and books from the Doves and Vale presses.

Stan. V. Henkels announces that he will sell at auction in Philadelphia in the course of the next few months part four of the library of Gov. Samuel W. Pennypacker, including items relating to State, town, and county history, the Stamp Act troubles, the War of the Revolution, War of 1812, Civil War, colonial history, and genealogy; part four of the collection of engraved portraits belonging to James T. Mitchell, chief justice of Pennsylvania, including portraits of Presidents and of American statesmen from the Colonial period to the present time; the autographs gathered by the late Joshua I. Cohen of Baltimore, including a fine set of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, letters of George Washington, his mother, wife, father, and other relatives; autographs of members of the Constitutional Convention, and Stamp Act Congress, of Presidents and Cabinet members, generals in the Revolutionary and other wars, officers in the navy, statesmen, and authors; the library of the Rev. Horace E. Hayden, librarian of the Wilkes-Barre Historical Society, including works, letters, and manuscripts relating to the history of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and the Southern Confederacy; autographs of William H. Fry of Pittsburgh, including specimens of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, members of the Continental Congress, generals in the Revolutionary and other wars, Presidents and cabinet officers, statesmen, authors, actors, musical composers, and crowned heads; and the autographs of the late Joseph Hedges of Philadelphia, including letters and documents of George Washington, Revolutionary officers and statesmen, Presidents and cabinet officers; also ivory miniatures and relics of Washington. In this collection are two autograph diaries of Washington.

The Personal and Literary Letters of Robert, First Earl of Lytton. Edited by Lady Betty Balfour. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

Lady Betty Balfour, who edits these two volumes of her father's unofficial letters, grew up to be his most intimate and sympathetic friend in the latter part of his life. None saw more clearly into his real mind than his "dear alter ego," as he called her. She disclaims having written his biography, but her quotations are so well chosen, and the connective tissue, though slight, is woven of such tell-tale threads, that perhaps no further life will be required—by the general public at least. Considering her object—a picture of the man rather than of his times—Lady Betty Balfour must be congratulated on a model achievement.

She has inserted nothing that does not throw light on the central figure. Yet even those incurious about the author of "Lucile"—to give him his safest passport to popular recognition—may find the book brilliant and engaging. His style as a letter-writer would of itself make him worth reading. He never lacks the clearness and elegance of studied composition, and yet is always unmistakably and charmingly spontaneous. More than that, he lived in constant intimacy with celebrated people, and his sympathies were elastic. He gives vivid glimpses of scores of notabilities, from Lamartine and Daniel Webster to Sardou and Sarah Bernhardt; and on all the many subjects he discusses—from fashion to metaphysics, from politics to art—his utterances are those of a thinker who was also a poet, and who had gone through a rare training in "the world's debate."

Throughout his life Lord Lytton was an active diplomatist. With little outside help, he rose to one of the pinnacles of service under the British Crown, as Viceroy of India; while at Paris he was described by the late Lord Salisbury, who was not fertile in compliments, as "one of the best ambassadors of his time." Such feats are not easily achieved. Yet "Owen Meredith" merely "pursued his profession"—so his daughter says, and so all his friends knew—"from a sense of duty and as a means of livelihood. The work which called forth his best energies, his deepest enthusiasm, and his finest intellectual capacities, was from boyhood upwards that of poetical composition."

Here, indeed, lay the tragedy of his life; for, considering all the facts, it deserves no other name. He was throughout divided against himself, industriously pursuing one object, but passionately desirous of another. As a boy, on the threshold of the diplomatic career, he wrote about it:

> I feel that all these great prizes which allure others would, even were I to obtain them, greatly diminish rather than increase my happiness. Each step forward would be a step away from my own ideal, and would have to be trodden over some relinquished dream or strangled instinct.

It is not uncommon for a youth of artistic taste to speak thus at the dividing of the ways; but it is rare for such a youth to obtain the difficult prizes, which he does not desire, and when the race has been victoriously run to confirm the detached prophecy of his boyhood. Forty years after Robert Lytton had thus forecast his mental horoscope, the first Earl of Lytton, then Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador in Paris, wrote as follows:

> All the known and successful side of my life is a suppression, a sacrifice which has not even the grace of spontaneity, of the natural self. If now and then the cramped wings flutter under the coop, they are subdued at once by a perception of the unseemliness in such flutterings of a diseased personality. On this side of my life, whether I look forward or backward, an immense despair always comes over me. If I were younger—but it is all too late now; I know that as a poet I shall never do what I feel that I might have done and been.

And this was no accidentally morbid retrospect. A like regret dogged him throughout his career.

Now, if that "what I might have done and been" were merely an illusion of vanity, the melancholy of Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to the French Republic would be, after all, a theme of farce rather than of tragedy. But if, on the other hand, here was one who might in truth have been among the first English poets of his age—perhaps the first—ending, after all, as a mere ambassador, known finally in literature, if at all, as the author of "Lucile," was there no cause for tears? Before dismissing these dying regrets, let us go back for a moment to his youth.

Never have more hopeful judgments been passed on any aspirant to the bays than on the young Robert Lytton; and that by those who were best qualified to speak. Robert Browning and his wife, who had no motive to praise him beyond their native sincerity, were insistent on the prerogatives of his genius. They reproached him sharply for not giving himself completely to art, and had no shadow of doubt about

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the reward of devotion. "I want you to be really great," writes Browning, "because it is *in* you—clearly enough. By success, speaking of you, I want and expect the highest of its kind. If you don't make a poet, you will have murdered a real specimen of that same." This, in a regretful letter after the publication of "Lucile." John Forster was of a like opinion, and so was Landor. After the youth's first venture—"Clytemnestra and Other Pieces"—Leigh Hunt wrote:

> He is a truly musical, reflecting, impassioned, and imaginative poet, with a tendency to but one of the faults of his contemporaries, and that chiefly in his minor pieces.

The opinion may be added of his harshest judge, his father, the famous novelist, jealous, alas! of the boy's gifts and a profound disbeliever in his poetical theories. "I must own," says Bulwer Lytton, "I have read your 'Clytemnestra' with surprise. There is no mistake that you have the *vivida vis* and are a real poet." About "Lucile" the same critic remarked: "I cannot recall any work of greater *promise* since 'Werther.' "

Is it too much to say that these anticipations were confirmed, so far as that could be the case, by the hurried productions of Lord Lytton's maturity? At all events we must concede that, when he abandoned a full devotion to art for a material career, he had some ground for supposing that he was making no ordinary sacrifice. Said that believer in his possibilities, Robert Browning:

> Let each man strive to the uttermost
> For his life's set prize, be it what it will.

Lytton, however, made "the great refusal," in full consciousness of what he was doing. And why? Mrs. Browning, writing to him soon after the renunciation, tells him that he has too much "sympathy":

> You sympathize too much . . . from some cause or other—too much love, perhaps, or unconscious indolence. Dear Mr. Lytton, let us remember that Art requires the whole man, austerely and unreservedly given.

How far he was from indolence! But "too much love"—Mrs. Browning hit the mark there! This exile from poetry was one of the most affectionate souls that ever breathed. He idolized his father, as he afterwards idolized his children. He loved unreservedly, and, so far as art was concerned, love was his bane. Some have thought that he failed to carry out his poetical mission through lack of self-confidence; but he wrote and published with a freedom which hardly confirms that idea. What he certainly did lack was the emotional self-centredness of a Goethe, a Hugo, a Shelley, a Tennyson. His affections continually "gave him away." To his artistic conscience his father could be little more than a literary cheap-jack, who "understood his poetical opinions no better than Col. Newcomb did those of Clive and his friends"; who urged on the young poet, with all his aspirations, to aim first of all at "wide popularity"; to avoid being misled by "Keats and Shelley, who, though praised by the critics, are very little read"; and who could add such an ingenuous impertinence as this: "Now, take Charles Mackay's poems! They are no idols of the refining few, *but they sell immensely.*" Yet the son's heart so clung to the man, that in spite of his innermost convictions, he could hardly quarrel with the critic. "My father's theory of poetry," he writes, "differs widely from my own, but it would be presumptuous in me to say that his is not the better of the two." And when his father bluntly advised him to "stick to his profession," and not to "saunter into a relaxed, effeminate air of pleasure and egotism"—such was his name for the austerity of a poet—the son, strong-willed man as he afterwards proved himself, submitted without one answering reproach. And what was his consolation for the sacrifice forty years after? Affection is still the note. "Besides," he writes, near his death, "there is still this paramount consolation. I feel no doubt whatever that my official and public life has been in all ways more beneficial than the other, or any other, could have been for those I love, and to the welfare of whose lives my own can be conducive." Frustrated, as he was, in the written word, this poetry must be inscribed across his life—that he "loved greatly."

But the irony of his being best known by "Lucile"! Of his being identified with the trivial hero of that novel in verse! "I have written some weaker poems," he said at the time, "but none that I dislike more." The plot was borrowed from George Sand's "Lavinia." There was not a shred of autobiography in it. Yet in popular esteem he passes for a Lord Alfred, and so must continue.

The Far Horizon. By Lucas Malet. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

"Sir Richard Calmady" was, we recall, a "book of the year," much read and perhaps more talked about. It was recognized as a "strong" story, with some startling situations and much frank speech. For the taste of certain readers the physical limitations of the hero may have been too insistently dwelt upon, and the indecencies of the adventuress displayed under too strong a light. Reader, be assured; nothing of the kind is to be found in "The Far Horizon." The leading lady, no doubt, is a social outcast, but she is in no sense indecent. The hero's abnormality (*quâ* hero) lies only in his fifty-five years, and his avowed status, at the outset, of superannuated bank clerk. He does not marry the lady, or desire to marry her, but he restores her to herself, and finds his own spiritual self by the way.

The style of Lucas Malet (Mary St. Leger Harrison) does not improve. It is diffuse, artificial, often pretentious: a style which would be considered distinctively literary by unliterary persons. It borders, at its worst, upon that of Miss Corelli. Nor can Lucas Malet's style in the larger sense be commended; her novels are flimsy of structure, and cumbered with superfluities. There are only two human beings in "The Far Horizon"; the rest are mere supernumeraries and property figures. With their omission, the novel, which is essentially a study of the relations of two persons, might be gainfully reduced to, say, one-fourth its present bulk. English precedent, we know, makes it difficult for the English novelist to be compact; but if some arrangement might be possible for the boiling down of fatty manuscript on its way across the Atlantic! The supposedly humorous middle-class group, introduced by way of relief to the sober, even sombre, figure of Dominic Iglesias, are merely facetious and dull. The villain of the piece is an unsuccessful author, too gross a caricature to be anything but an impertinence. Even in the delineation of the two principal persons there is a suggestion of strain. The dignity of the man is constantly imperilled by his habit of prosing; as the credibility of the woman is often in the way of succumbing to her fatal gift of sprightliness. Nevertheless, the story of the friendship of this odd pair is a really moving one. "The Far Horizon" is not that "book of the year" toward which, it is understood, the whole creation moves. It does not strike one as a book which had to be written, or will have to be read. But it possesses the treasure of a really original and affecting central motive.

Granada. Memories, Adventures, Studies, and Impressions. By Leonard Williams. With 24 illustrations; frontispiece in color by A. M. Foweraker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50 net.

Saunterings in Spain. By Frederick H. A. Seymour. With 24 illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00 net.

Mr. Williams is no stranger to lovers of Spain. His "Toledo and Madrid," "The Land of the Dons," "Ballads and Songs of Spain," and "A Child's History of Spain" are proof that he did not lose his interest in the Peninsula when he ceased to represent "The Thunderer" at Madrid. In the present volume he deals with the South, that strip of Africa sewn on to the skirt of the continent, as Gautier calls the southern province, strolling through Andalusia as the Parisian saunters down the boulevard, alive to everything about him because going nowhere in particular; observant, superior, critical, philosophical, sometimes flippant, a true *flaneur*, with all the charm of one who knows his Spain and all the egoism of one who knows he knows it. "Granada" is the record of personal experience and observation, but deals almost exclusively with what the ordinary visitor never sees, 55 pages being devoted to the Sacro-Monte, 60 to excursions in the Sierra Nevada, and 35 to jaunts to Guadix and the Albaycin, out of a total of 212.

Mr. Seymour, on the other hand, whose title-page reads "Saunterings in Spain," is not a saunterer at all, but the cicerone, with much of the dryness and ponderosity of the guild, but informing, and if not so suggestive as Mr. Williams, far more valuable as a guide. His itinerary includes the most visited of the Spanish cities—Barcelona, Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Granada, Ronda, and the Rock—the Spanish Highway, but omits almost as much as it includes—Burgos, Segovia, Saragossa, Salamanca, and all the byways where the truest impressions of Spain are formed. The book is essentially for the journey, and not the fireside. The chapter on the Muséo dei Prado, for example, is almost a catalogue, besides being full of information, description, and generally interesting comment—although one hardly shares the author's regret that the genius of Velasquez was "so often exercised in delineating the ugly or unsympathetic features of

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dwarfs, beggars, and fools," or agrees with his designation of the graveclothes of Charles, the Empress, and Philip in Titian's "Gloria" as "nightgowns"! The author's contempt for the Puerta del Sol is refreshing. Guidebooks and writers generally overrate this famous square, whose buildings have scant claim to beauty or interest, and whose throngs of idlers, peddlers, and beggars are destitute of the redeeming local color which they present elsewhere in Spain. It is at best but a vulgar spot.

The space allotted to Toledo is disappointingly brief, and the reader's confidence in the author's Spanish is rudely shaken by the translation of the inscription on the pedestal of the statue of Charles in the quadrangle of the Alcazar: "Si en la pelea veis caer mi caballo y mi estandarte, levantad primero este que a mi," which, he says, may be rendered: "If in the shock of battle thou shouldst behold my horse go down, and then my standard, be the first to fly aloft, so may I be the first to leap to my feet." How so ambiguous and inflated a rendition can be tortured out of the simple "If in the battle you see my horse and standard fall, raise the latter before [raising] me," is difficult to imagine.

The volume opens with an historical sketch in which the author sounds the customary note of praise of the Moor:

> In architecture, religious and domestic, they originated another style which, in fascination at least, excels all other orders. No building in Europe surpasses the Cordova Mosque. The Alhambra—of which the name alone conjures up a vision of gorgeous yet harmonious ornamentation, combined with a mathematical precision of construction—has had no rival in the world.

Aside from the misuse of the word *order*, to say that the Mosque of Cordova is unsurpassed by any building in Europe and that the Alhambra has no rival in the world, is going far, indeed. As a matter of fact, the Saracen contributed little to architecture from a constructive point of view. Wherever he went, he adopted the organic forms he found, but added nothing to them. Saracenic architecture contains no new principle such as the Roman arch placed on the pier, the Byzantine dome on the square, the concentration of strains on single points of support as developed in Gothic practice, or the restoration of the column and entablature to their original Greek functions as constructive and supporting members by the Romanesque builders. With all these elements the fancy of the Arab played, depressing or elevating the dome into bulbous or tapering forms, prolonging the curve of the arch, and above all introducing an elaborate system of surface decoration peculiarly his own. But constructively he was destitute of originality in architecture, as in all else. "Upon what Department of Science and Art," says Mr. Seymour, "did that strange people not shed light?" Well, in mathematics they advanced hardly a step beyond their predecessors in India and the Alexandrian school of Diophantus; in astronomy they surpassed the Greek only in refinement of calculation; as they were averse to dissection, their surgery was at a standstill; in medicine they made little progress beyond Hippocrates; and Arabian philosophy has been somewhere wittily described as "the flight into Egypt." From the fact that science contains many Arabic words (as algebra), it must not be inferred that the Arab was a great contributor to scientific knowledge. His chief distinction is that in that dark period when the West slumbered he preserved the lamp of knowledge from extinction.

We are left in no doubt of the author's nationality by his concluding meditation on the Rock of Gibraltar, resembling "a lion couchant, regarding from his great sea-lair all that pass below him in the ocean beneath, and disregarding with majestic unconcern the jealous navies that seem to gnash their iron teeth with envy, as they glance, with impotent rage, upon the Rock whence Britannia rules the waves." O, le beau langage!

India and Her People. By Swami Abhedananda. Published by the Vedanta Society, New York.

One can but sympathize with the purpose actuating the author of this little volume. "To give an impartial account of the facts from the standpoint of an unbiassed historian, and to remove all misunderstandings which prevail among the Americans concerning India and her people" was, we learn from the preface, Mr. Abhedananda's main object in becoming a missionary and delivering before the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences the course of lectures which constitute this book. The director of the Institute prefaces the author's preface with an Introduction, in which he assures us that these lectures "contain precisely what the American wants to know about India."

"Not what we want, but what we need" should, however, be the motto of those who really wish to know, and a careful perusal of Swami Abhedananda's book leaves us doubtful whether the reader who has reached the end of the volume will have absorbed more historical truth or fiction. This applies not so much to the first two chapters, on the philosophy and religion of to-day, as to those following, on the social and political institutions, education, and the reciprocal influence of Hindu and Western civilizations, together with a final chapter (not included in the lecture-course) on Woman's Place in Hindu Religion.

From the historical point of view, which is assumed by the Swami, it is to be regretted that the author has not made himself better acquainted with chronology. His vague assumption of priority for all Hindu ideas shows that he has the native inability to distinguish between ascertained fact and poetic fancy. Even in the opening chapter we are confronted with the astounding statement that the Aryan philosophers of India had discovered the evolution of man from the lower animals at a time when the Semites were still trying to explain the origin of the human race through mythology. The casual remark in the next chapter that "Krishna, the Hindu Christ, lived about 1400 B. C.," is in itself a revelation of the unhistorical method of the writer, since even the fact that this Krishna lived at all is doubtful, and no reference to him is older than the sixth century B. C.

More important are the errors in the succeeding chapters. Thus we are told with scorn that we in the West have orphanages, poorhouses, and charitable institutions, which "were not necessary" in ancient India, because the community was "like one family" and "took care of its own poor and its own orphans." In fact, Hindu literature is full of passages showing that the Hindu community never was able to take care of its poor and rarely did so. After this we find a very instructive chapter on political institutions in India. It develops into a tirade against England on the score of taxes and famines, and contains a large number of half-truths. This sort of thing has been done in this sort of way for many decades. The best example of it is Dadabhai's "Poverty of India." Taxes are hard, famines are frequent. If only the English defender would not deny everything and the native (or his English sympathizer, who is generally still more virulent against his kin) would not charge everything to England's account, the truth might at last be known. But little is gained when we come across, at the very outset of the discussion, such a statement as that on page 141 of Mr. Abhedananda's book: "Terrible famines began for the first time with the British rule in India." Terrible famines have been known in India since the Vedic age, which, according to our author, antedates the time of Moses.

On the subject of woman's place in Hindu religion, the author should read both ancient and modern books before lecturing or writing. Women, to Brahmin and Buddhist alike, were the "torches that light the way to hell"; and though this is a sacerdotal view, the contempt for women in India is more marked than anything else even in profane literature. They had no property (our author says erroneously that women "had the same right to possess property as men") till a late era; they were excluded from religious functions, except certain rites; they were regarded merely as a "source of sorrow." The Saramâ, whom the author cities as an historical character, an Amazon, was a mythological goddess! Women have been poetically idealized in India as elsewhere, but their place in religion and the state was next to that of the slave, and at this day no creature more pitiable than many a Hindu woman, disposed of according to native rule and precedent, can be found on earth.

We have given more space to this book than, to tell the truth, it deserves. But its faults are characteristic of so many of the self-satisfied utterances of the bland Hindus who come hither to tell us how much better they would be without Western ideas, that it seems worth while to point out how misleading are the half-truths presented. When a Hindu philosopher tells us about Vedanta religion and philosophy he usually tells us something worth hearing, because it is the only thing he knows well. When he talks about history, civilization, dates, and the status of women he usually makes himself ridiculous.

A Hundred Years Hence. By T. Baron Russell. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Science has its prophets as well as its wonders. Mr. Russell's predictions are not baseless visions, nor is his picture of the future, though occasionally extravagant,

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so utopian as that of Bellamy. He interprets what is about to be from what is. With a great deal of rather superficial information scientific, artistic, educational, journalistic, social, and religious, he attempts to say what the world will be like one hundred years hence. Not much can be said in praise of his literary style. It is without distinction, monotonous, and garrulous. Mr. Russell calls himself "an optimist," but should his expectations ever be realized the world will, we fear, be in many respects a cheerless place.

Improvement of the telephone and of the phonograph, of course, have a prominent place. The recording telephone will lessen the amount of speaking, and sights as well as sounds will be conveyed over long distances, without wires. The house of the future will be one hundred stories high. Streets will be laid, and houses built upon the surface of the sea; and vehicles will skim the waves without being even partly submerged. Flying machines will be as common as bicycles, and with them travellers will visit the Arctic regions or the tropics with as little concern as they would go for a drive in the park. Domestic servants will be generally replaced by mechanical arrangements. Instead of living actors on the stage, there will be phonographic and panoramic representations of plays which will be performed but once and then reported and photographed for further mechanical repetition.

In a book like this, which is little more than a *jeu d'esprit*, the author should be allowed license for his imagination; and the probability of what he predicts need not be questioned. It is less with his forecast of the future than with his estimate of the present that the critical reader may find fault. His objections to revealed religion, trial by jury, and prevailing methods of education have been made before; and the substitutes which he offers are not enticing. His conceptions of abnormal psychology are rather crude, and his faith in reports of "thought transference" is naïve. Occasionally when he gets below the surface of things he loses his footing, as when he observes that modern atomism does not "tend to materialism" because "with atoms resolved by the latest science into electrons . . . the objectivity of matter has assuredly not received any support."

Taken in small quantities, Mr. Russell's prophecy is diverting, but those who read it continuously may wish that parts of it had been written in the age predicted by the author, when "boredom" shall have been abolished.

Drama.

TWO PLAYS BY CLYDE FITCH.

In "The Straight Road," one of the two new plays which Clyde Fitch has produced this week, he has chosen what is for him a comparatively new subject. Unfortunately, he has not treated it with much originality or power, or with manifest sincerity of purpose, although he reveals once more his sense of theatrical situation and his dexterity and unscrupulousness in creating it. His primary object being to construct a character suitable to the positive but restricted abilities of Miss Blanche Walsh, he conceived a scheme in which a woman of the slums, brutalized by hardship, ignorance, and drink, but not unchaste, is redeemed by the kindness of a philanthropic heiress, and the influence of a crippled child working on her undeveloped instincts of motherhood. In course of time this reformed creature, who is beautiful, attracts the attention of a vicious young profligate, who is soon to marry her benefactress, and by him is placed in a cruelly false position. Finding herself utterly discredited in the eyes of her guardian angel, she resolves to expose her persecutor's character, even at the risk of her own, and so contrives that while visiting her, he shall be surprised by his betrothed. Her plan succeeds partly, for the heiress is effectually disenchanted; but unluckily her own lover is unexpectedly present at the exposure, and remorselessly casts her off. In her furious rebellion against the injustice which has made her best impulses the agents of her ruin, she relapses temporarily into her old savagery, but soon her better instincts reassert themselves. Presently, her innocence is established, and all ends well, even for the heiress, whose loss of her chosen husband is certainly no calamity. This is a good theme, of much dramatic potentiality, but Mr. Fitch has handled it, for the most part, in conventional fashion. There is vigor and truth, together with much that is merely commonplace, in his sketch of his heroine, Molly O'Hara, but the device which he employs to secure her disgrace is quite unworthy of his experience or invention. The female philanthropist and her profligate suitor are both purely theatrical figures, but the tenement house folk, if they betray little originality in drawing, or novelty in humorous fancy, do possess vitality. It is only in the third act, where the girl's plot works out to her own undoing, that the playwright shows much of his habitual skill in the composition of an effective theatrical scene, or a striking emotional climax. The conception of the girl, in her blank despair, wrecking the home she had made, is bold and true. It was a pity to spoil it by such a transparent trick as the tearing down of a window blind to let a ray of light fall on a picture of the Virgin. Such theatrical miracles generally fail of their intended effect. Miss Walsh gives a good straightforward performance of the heroine, showing earnestness and fair intelligence, but nothing like inspiration.

Mr. Fitch's second play, "The Truth," presented in the Criterion Theatre, wavers on the border between farce and eccentric comedy, and may be dismissed with brief notice. The central idea of it has been used frequently upon the stage, since the days of Foote's old comedy, "The Liar," and doubtless is still capable of good theatrical service, but Mr. Fitch spoils the effect by whimsical extravagance, constantly outstepping the modesty of nature, which is one of his besetting sins as a dramatist. His heroine is a young married woman, with a constitutional incapacity for speaking the truth. Theoretically, her misrepresentations are not malicious, but their cumulative effect alienates her friends, jeopardizes her good name, and causes her separation from a devoted husband, who refuses to believe her, when she protests, very truly, that she is entirely innocent in deed, although appearances are against her. With his usual ingenuity, Mr. Fitch has devised two or three effective domestic crises, but they fail to impress the spectator deeply, because of the unsympathetic nature of the personages concerned, and the extreme improbability of the preliminary conditions. The woman lies so persistently, so unnecessarily, and so foolishly that she excites impatience and contempt rather than amusement. Moreover, it is only too plain that her falsehoods are invented with a view to the desired complications. The subordinate characters are overdrawn, and the piece throughout is lacking in proportion, restraint, and sincerity. The moral that honesty is the best policy is, of course, unexceptionable. Mrs. Bloodgood, for whom the part of the heroine was written, is only moderately successful in it. She is better in the emotional, than in the humorous passages, in which her self-consciousness is destructive of illusion. William B. Mack, as a broken-down gambler and blackmailer, Mrs. Sam Sothern as a jealous woman, and Zelda Sears, as an elderly widow in search of a husband, are all entitled to a word of praise.

The first volume of "Shakespeare's Pronunciation," by Professor W. Viëtor of Marburg, contains a phonology, with "a rime-index to the poems as a pronouncing vocabulary." In the earlier part of the book, the author, after having explained the phonetic system to be employed, discusses the Shakespearian pronunciation of the vowel and consonant sounds in order, basing his conclusions on the rhymes of Shakespeare's poems interpreted in the light of the early dictionaries and treatises on pronunciation. Since the book is professedly aimed at a wider than the purely specialist audience, it is fair to remark that Professor Viëtor is by no means always careful to make his discussions self-explanatory, or to avoid terms and allusions which imply a considerable technical knowledge, not only of phonetics, but even of the special works bearing on the Elizabethan period. Moreover, at times he uses phonetic symbols, like [y:] in chapter v., which are not included in his key. Even his list of approximate equations with modern English sounds is not as free from ambiguity as might be desired. Thus the Shakespearian vowel-sound in *by* is equated with "exaggerated London English (and usual Cockney) *e* in *be*," and the Shakespearian *aw* in *saw* with "Northern English and Cockney *a* in *father*." Some method of indicating sounds which does not demand so minute a knowledge of English local usage might surely have been found. The second part of the volume is entitled to more hearty commendation. The exhaustive rhyme-index is so arranged as to be available whether one accepts Viëtor's own conclusions or no, and it affords an excellent starting point as well as much evidence for the study of Shakespeare's personal usage in pronunciation. The book as a whole is simpler and easier to use than Ellis's great work, being much less comprehensive in scope; and it is the most convenient work on the subject

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in English. It is to be completed by a "Shakespeare Reader in the Old Spelling and with a Phonetic Transcription." (Marburg: Elwert; London: D. Nutt.)

The London *Spectator* of July 2, 1898, printed a letter from Rudyard Kipling on the sources of Shakespeare's "Tempest." Mr. Kipling advanced the theory that Shakespeare might have received the suggestion for the play from the "chatter of a half-tipsy sailor" who had visited "the still-vext Bermoothes." This view Mr. Kipling fortified by the statement that "those who go to-day to a certain beach some two miles from Hamilton will find the stage set for Act II., Scene 2 of 'The Tempest' ":

> A bare hearth, with the wind singing through the scrub at the land's edge, a gap in the reefs wide enough for the passage of Stephano's butt of sack, and (these eyes have seen it) a cave in the coral within easy reach of the tide, whereto such a butt might be conveniently rolled ("my cellar is in a rock by the seaside, where my wine is hid"). . . . It was so well done that, after three hundred years, a stray tripper, and no Shakespeare scholar, recognized in a flash that old first set of all.

This letter has been privately reprinted in an edition of fifty-two copies by Edwin Collins Frost and George Parker Winship of Providence. Mr. Frost, librarian of Marsden J. Perry's collection of Shakespeariana, contributes to the little book a preface which displays both learning and vivacity. He points out, among other things, that Mr. Kipling's suggestion has peculiar interest as coming from "one who has himself had wide experience in gathering and using material for literary purposes."

It is a comprehensive programme that Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern will offer at the Lyric Theatre, when they begin their engagement there week after next. Among the plays in which they are to be seen are: "John the Baptist," by Hermann Suderman; "Jeanne d'Arc," by Percy Mackaye; "The Daughter of Jorio," by Gabriel d'Annunzio; "Guenever," by H. W. Boynton; "The Sunken Bell," by Gerhardt Hauptmann; "Francesca da Rimini," by Gabriel d'Annunzio, and "When Knighthood Was in Flower," by Charles Major. The Shakespearean plays will be "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," and "As You Like It." If there were many more companies engaged in diversified work of this sort, it would be a good thing for the stage.

Music.

Symphony Writers Since Beethoven. By Felix Weingartner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

Felix Weingartner is one of the most interesting and commanding figures in the contemporary musical world. As a composer—of operas, symphonies, and songs—he has not yet won the recognition he is doubtless convinced posterity will accord him; but as an orchestral conductor he is hailed as one of the chiefs in every capital of either continent that he deigns to visit. But just as Liszt, thirty-nine years before his end, gave up playing the piano, though all the world was devoured with eagerness to hear him, so Weingartner, who is still a young man, has disappointed his many admirers by a stubborn determination to lay down the bâton. Several years ago he gave up operatic conducting, and his concert work is now limited to Berlin. Even there he does it sulkily, and only under compulsion, because he is not allowed to cancel his contract.

The truth of the observation that brains are needed for success in modern music is well attested in the case of Weingartner. Without being one of those so-called prima-donna conductors whose main desire is to call attention to their new readings, he is nevertheless far removed from those old-fashioned time-beaters whom Wagner denounced with such withering scorn. To him a symphony is a subject for thought as well as a means of entertaining an audience; and his thoughts on the post-Beethoven symphonists, as embodied in the volume before us, are quite as interesting as his interpretations of these works with the bâton. The English translation by Arthur Bles (which is serviceable, without being a model) is based on the revised second German edition. Now, there is a still later German edition, in which Weingartner has considerably modified some of his opinions, especially in the pages devoted to Schumann and Brahms. These changes should have been noted, if only in an appendix. In truth, however, just as Schopenhauer hotly repudiated the second, revised edition of the "Critique of Pure Reason," as being less Kantian and consistent than the first version, so it is likely that readers of the future will prefer the first and second Weingartner editions to the third, as far the more valuable. In the third he goes so far as to attempt to prove that he was mistaken in attributing to Schumann and Brahms a lack of skill in orchestration; but he fails here with his pen just as he has failed to prove this point with his bâton.

Although he seems inclined to think that an attempt to write a symphony after Beethoven is "almost as absurd as the wish to climb higher than the summit of a mountain," Weingartner does not endorse Wagner's view that Beethoven's Ninth was the last possible word in this form. Wagner himself, in one of his later essays, admitted, under certain conditions, the possibility of saying something new in the symphonic form, and the present volume shows how far the successors of Beethoven succeeded. Schubert was a contemporary rather than a successor; of him our author speaks with eloquent admiration, though he fails to note that in melodic spontaneity as well as in novelty of modulation and an instinct for rich orchestral coloring he far surpasses Beethoven. He notes the evil influence of Mendelssohn on Schumann, whose symphonic works "produce more effect when well played as a piano duet than in the concert room." He descants (pp. 51-55) on the mannerisms of Brahms, shows how they result in ennui, and almost endorses the opinion of a French critic who wrote: "Il travaille extrêmement bien, avec des idées qu'il n'a pas." He shows how, unlike the really great men, Brahms is easy to parody. In Bruckner (not Brückner, as the text persists in making it) he admires "the wonderful abundance of new ideas, the individuality of his themes, and the astonishing long-windedness of his melodies." Dvorák and Saint-Saëns are dismissed all too briefly with a few lines of praise. But a long section is devoted to Berlioz and Liszt, and this is by far the most valuable part of this volume. Without being blind to the faults and failures of those two men, Weingartner points out with admirable clearness the importance of their contributions to the storehouse of orchestral music.

Nine years ago, when Bernard Shaw was still a musical critic, he perpetrated a *jeu d'esprit* entitled "The Perfect Wagnerite," in which he tried to prove in a semi-serious spirit of sarcasm that Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung" is not merely an opera libretto, but a strong socialistic document, which could not have been written before the middle of the last century, because it deals with "shareholders, tall hats, white-lead factories, and industrial and political questions looked at from the socialistic and humanitarian point of view." It must be confessed that Wagner himself was wont to descant on the philosophic import of his dramas; why should not others follow his example, seriously or otherwise? Thoroughly serious is Mary E. Lewis in "The Ethics of Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung" (G. P. Putnam's Sons). Since Wagner himself, when writing this drama, exclaimed in a letter that it would be "the greatest poem ever written," it seems worth while to examine it from all points of view. Yet one is startled to read in the preface that "this volume contains the history of the evolution, or advancement, of the thought of the world, as it is set forth" in that poem. It cannot be conceded that this ambitious programme has been carried out by the author; but she has written a 178-page prose version of the poem which will doubtless help some to disentangle its threads.

Faust has fascinated more composers than any other poetic subject. Riemann devotes four columns of his "Opern-Handbuch" to an enumeration of the operas based on it, and the concert list would take up almost as much space. At our opera houses opportunity has lately been given to hear Gounod's "Faust" and Berlioz's "La Damnation de Faust," in both of which Miss Geraldine Farrar gave further evidence of her excellent vocal art and rare originality as an actress. At the fourth Philharmonic concert Mr. Safonoff conducted Wagner's "Faust Overture" and Liszt's "Two Episodes from Lenau's 'Faust,' " the second being the familiar "Mephisto Waltz," in which the fiery Russian conductor was at his best; he is an ideal Liszt conductor, as might have been expected. He is a great Liszt enthusiast, and rather oddly he also believes in Brahms, whose third symphony he has chosen for the next Philharmonic programme, January 25 and 26, with the firm conviction that he can convert the unbelievers. We shall see. The soloist of the fourth Philharmonic was Ossip Gabrilowitch, who has, since his last appearance in America, undergone a sea change from a mere virtuoso into something rich and strange—a genuine musician.

Mme. Nordica is to sing at forty-five operatic performances in New Orleans this winter. That is a very pleasant thing for the denizens of that town to look forward to, but it means that New Yorkers

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will not hear her at all this season in opera. By way of partial compensation there was a Nordica concert at Carnegie Hall on Tuesday evening, which was one of the events of the year, both as regards musical value and the enthusiasm it aroused. Mr. Safonoff, as a matter of course, conducted, giving superb readings of Weber's "Oberon" overture and Tchaikovsky's "Romeo," and playing the orchestral parts to Mme. Nordica's principal numbers—Beethoven's "Ah, Perfido," and the "Götterdämmerung" finale—with unerring instinct for artistic and emotional results. Of the prima donna's singing it is enough to say that hers is the most beautiful voice now on the stage, but, it is not a "doll-face" voice; everything she sings, be it a tragic episode by Wagner, a difficult concert aria by Beethoven, a song by Brahms or Grieg, or a wild Hungarian air, is surcharged with feeling. Her art is as near perfection as anything human can be.

A memorial to the late Prof. John Knowles Paine of Harvard is proposed by his pupils and admirers. The plan is to raise $150,000 for a building which shall be the centre of the musical interests of the university. An appeal for the money has been issued by Arthur Foote, Walter Spalding, and Frederick S. Converse.

Art.

The Secret of the Old Masters. By Albert Abendschein. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1 net.

Albert Abendschein is one of the latest of the long list of painters who have been fascinated by the "Venetian secret" and have spent years in experimenting with varnishes and media in the effort to master it. It is almost a pity to tell what Mr. Abendschein conceives the secret to be: it is like giving the reader, in advance, the solution of a detective story. There is something of the fascination of such a story in the author's method of recounting the order and the incidents of his search, the outcome of which is the almost disappointing but eminently sane conclusion that there never was any secret at all except care, leisureliness, and—sunshine! In other words, the author has proved, to his own and, we may say, to our satisfaction, that the great Venetians and Flemings used no mysterious varnishes whatever, their vehicle being plain linseed oil, and their reliance for permanence and brilliancy being upon plenty of time for drying between successive paintings and upon prolonged exposure to direct sunlight to burn out the excess of oil.

As a side issue there is some discussion of the already pretty well understood method of representing flesh by a cold underpainting, or dead coloring, and subsequent glazing. It is undoubtedly the only method by which the Venetian glow is attainable, and Mr. Abendschein is right in recommending it to those who would attain that quality, as we believe he is in his interpretation of Boschini's confusing account of Titian's manner of work. In the case of Veronese, however, we think that Mr. Abendschein is guilty of something like a wresting from its plain meaning of the same Boschini's statement. Veronese *may* have painted flesh according to Titian's method, though we think it improbable that he did so. Boschini's account is more likely to refer to his method with draperies and other objects, and means what it says:

> He painted everything first in middle tint, and on this he touched both lights and darks, leaving the middle tint visible everywhere between them, as it was first prepared. The middle tint was laid in opaque color.

We submit that "middle tint" does not mean dead color, that "touching *lights* and darks" does not mean glazing, and that "visible *between* them" does not mean through them. Veronese's manner was that of a decorator who worked habitually on vast surfaces, to whom expedition was of first importance, to whom a general clarity and breadth of light was more important than richness of individual tint or the glow of flesh painting. In spite of this blemish, Mr. Abendschein's little book will be read with interest by all painters, and they are too few, who care for beautiful craftsmanship.

He expresses a half regret that his researches have come to a close. Why should he not give us as careful an investigation of the wholly different and equally beautiful methods of the Dutch and Flemish artists and of Holbein? Rubens and Van Dyck, of course, painted in a modification of the Venetian method, and so, we believe, did Vermeer, at least at times. But the bulk of Northern painting seems to be based on the radically different principle of a warm *frottis* or transparent scrubbing with subsequent opaque painting, and much of this work is magnificent and thoroughly preserved. Rubens himself tended more and more to this method in later life and influenced all the eighteenth century to adopt it. A beautiful instance of it, quite surprising in its successful slightness, is the Goya portrait of a man, recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum. Mr. Abendschein has done well, but the investigation of the technical methods of the old masters is not so nearly completed as he imagines.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company has issued a small volume (290 pages besides the Index), "Decorative Styles and Periods in the Home," by Helen Churchill Candee. The 177 illustrations are half-tones, and good ones on the whole. The frontispiece is a stately Venetian bedstead. Chests and cabinets of the sixteenth, chairs and armchairs of the seventeenth, cabinets and panellings of the eighteenth century, follow each other in historical order; and Figures 60 and 61 show two of those legendary Napoleonic pieces of furniture, which used to be kept in the Garde-Meuble, and are now presumably in the greatly enlarged collection of the Louvre. Among so many pictures there are, of course, many styles displayed, and one likes especially the simpler bits, the gate-legged Jacobean table in Figure 73, and the broad arm-chairs of Chippendale design in Figure 93. The text is oddly composed, with unusual turns of language, but it is intelligible, and the distinction between styles has evidently been clear to the writer. There is a little too free a treatment of the periods—thus, pages 75-6, the French Renaissance is all lumped together as if Francis I. and Louis XIII. were nearly contemporaneous, and as if a château built under Henri II. and the Luxembourg palace were to be considered in the same connection. It is difficult, however, to maintain chronological distinctions in a book that is meant to be readable, with dates not thickly interspersed. The book might have been more instructive if written in severer style, but in that case fewer persons would read it.

The seventh volume of "The Royal Academy of Arts: a Complete Dictionary of Contributors and Their Work from Its Foundation in 1769 to 1904," by Algernon Graves, has just been issued. This brings the alphabetical sequence from Sacco to Tofano. The eighth and last volume of this important work is already in type.

Pictures by J. Alden Weir, including twenty-three landscapes and portraits in oil, and about fifty etchings, are on exhibition at Montross's gallery in this city until January 15. Four of the paintings, a figure piece, "Memories," and three landscapes have just been completed. The others cover the artist's career from the very beginning up to the present time, and the whole collection, with the few water colors shown in this gallery recently, gives a fair idea of the range of Mr. Weir's achievement. Mr. Weir has certainly made an advance in his three recent landscapes. They are the loveliest paintings of green grass and green leaves that one is likely to see in a very great while. He combines here as perhaps no one before him has done the actual quiver of sunlight with a singularly fresh and quiet atmospheric effect. One may note throughout the collection how constant an experimenter in methods Mr. Weir has been. "The Gray Gown" is the best portrait in the exhibition. It is intensely alive, and straightforwardly painted, with that simplicity of eye and hand that deals only with the essential. The etchings show considerable technical sureness and delicacy, but even within their own field they cannot have the interest that the oils have in theirs. The treatment seems too often either heavy, or, if an attempt has been made for delicacy, weak. "Coon Alley" and "Bas Meudon" may be taken as fair examples of his most successful treatment.

An exhibition of paintings by the late John H. Twachtman is now being held at the Lotos Club, No. 556 Fifth Avenue. Comprising forty-five oils and pastels, lent by various owners, it offers an unusual opportunity to see a comprehensive collection of the work of the most sensitive artistic spirit among American followers of the French impressionist school. Twachtman, in common with his school, sought to reproduce on his canvases the actual pitch and vibration of light in the open air. But more than either Childe Hassam or J. Alden Weir, who make with him the three greatest exponents of the school in America, he was interested in the vague and evanescent colors in a scene. At his best he conveys this delicacy of color with the impression of perfect truth. But his work is uneven in quality, as in the Melting Snow, which shows some crudity of color. It would be hard, however, to find any painting more shimmeringly soft than the

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Misty May Morning, The End of Winter, and the River in Winter.

The exhibition of Italian art at Ehrich's gallery in this city includes a few masterpieces, and nearly every piece illustrates some interesting phase of Italian art. The St. John the Evangelist, by Liberale da Verona, for instance, is one of the finest that Liberale ever painted. The influence of Mantegna is apparent in the bold foreshortening of the face and the hand, in the type of the face, and in the sculptural dignity of the drawing. Another picture of importance is the Madonna and Child by Francia, in the artist's maturer manner. Lorenzo Lotto is well represented by the Lady with a Book. The collection contains a group of portraits of men, among which the most striking is the Portrait of an Old Man, by Bassano, rich and dark in tone, and powerful in characterization. An excellent example by Pordenone is the Portrait of a Young Scholar. The dignified Astronomer, by Pontormo, shows the German influence under which this artist fell in his later years. Of the Venetian scenes by Bellotto, Marieschi, and Guardi, the most important is the large Marriage of the Adriatic, by Guardi. Salvatore Rosa is represented by a large Italian Landscape, which shows more of the classic treatment of landscape than most of his work.

The Theobald collection of etchings by Whistler, comprising 241 numbers, is on view at Knoedler's gallery in this city. Numerous examples in excellent impressions are shown of Whistler's work from his earliest to his latest period.

An exhibition of recent paintings by William Sartain will be held at Macbeth's gallery in this city from January 11 to 25. The exhibition will include work by Mr. Sartain during his visit to Spain last summer.

Among the recent acquisitions at the Metropolitan Museum, which were put on exhibition Saturday, is a group of a hundred objects belonging to various classes of the smaller Greek and Roman antiquities. They include fifteen vases, seventeen bronzes, twenty miscellaneous objects, mostly of gold and silver, and seventy-two terra-cottas. Most of the terra-cottas are statuettes from Tanagra, and are of great beauty. Among the recently acquired paintings, the most important is the portrait of the Rev. W. Pennicott, by Sir Thomas Lawrence. This work is a striking example of the artist's early and best style. The other pictures include three paintings of the Dutch school: Calm Sea, by S. de Vlieger; a large landscape by S. Van Ruysdael, and a portrait of Nell Gwyn by Sir Peter Lely.

The valuable collection of Japanese prints at the Library of Congress has recently been increased by the purchase of several hundred examples selected in Japan by Miss Helen Hyde.

In a room of the palace at Avignon, once the bedchamber of the Popes, an interesting series of frescoes has been discovered, admirably preserved, and apparently dating from the fourteenth century.

An unsigned family tree of Rubens has been discovered at Antwerp, which proves that the painter was born at Cologne, and lived there until his eleventh year.

Gustav Kruell, the wood-engraver, died at San Luis Obispo, Cal., January 2, in his sixty-fourth year. He was born at Düsseldorf. After serving an apprenticeship in Germany and establishing some reputation as an engraver, Kruell, in 1873, came to America, where his skill at once found employment with some of the leading illustrated periodicals. At that time cheap reproductive processes were but little used; and Kruell and his friend Frederick Juengling impressed their methods upon the art of the period. In 1881 they together organized the Society of American Wood-Engravers, of which Kruell became president in 1895. With the development of the half-tone process, Kruell's field in the magazines was limited, and he devoted himself more completely to independent efforts. In 1890, he exhibited the first of that remarkable series of historic portraits which is undoubtedly the most enduring expression of his art. This exhibition included two portraits of Darwin, a portrait of William Lloyd Garrison, and one of Wendell Phillips. In 1891 appeared the portrait of Lincoln, which is thought by many to be the finest of all the likenesses of the great Emancipator. The Lincoln portrait was followed by successful presentations of Lowell, Francis James Child, Hawthorne, Holmes, Whitman, Godkin, Franklin, Webster, Grant, Sherman, and other prominent men of this country and England. Some of the American heads were published not long ago under the title, "A Portfolio of National Portraits." Kruell always avoided so-called new methods and novel effects in technique for the sake of temporary and eccentric notoriety. Feeling his subject with a rare power of concentration, he believed a sympathetic rendering of his original to be the result to strive for; and his hand, thoroughly trained, responded instinctively to the governing ideas behind it. The *Nation* has more than once called attention to the sincerity and breadth of his art. The pathetic side of Kruell's work is that it was undertaken to make head against the undermining of the art of wood engraving by the rise of "process" relief engraving to which reference has already been made. Gold-medallist though he was at Chicago, Berlin, and St. Louis, Kruell experienced some difficulty in his later years in maintaining the independent livelihood which was his due.

Prof. Otto Benndorf, the archæologist, died, January 2, at Vienna, in his sixty-ninth year. He was best known for his investigations at Ephesus and Samothrace. He successively occupied the chairs of archæology at Göttingen, Zurich, Munich, Prague, and Vienna. Since 1898 he had been director of the Austrian Archæological Institute.

Science.

RECENT ADVANCES IN ZOÖLOGICAL SCIENCE.

The significance and value of the recent meeting in this city of the American Association for the Advancement of Science may be summed up in one sentence, from the address of the vice-president of the zoölogical section, Prof. Henry B. Ward of the University of Nebraska: "The highest and best work in science is due to co-operation." When one takes a mental review of the various sessions of section F, that devoted to zoölogy, one is instantly impressed with the similarity in trend of the research work of scientists from all parts of the country. In a word, this all-pervading spirit of modern scientific work is to take plants or animals into the laboratory, and by hybridizing or breeding, to discover how they conform to Mendel's laws of heredity, or to tabulate their reactions to stimuli of every conceivable description, rays of white or colored light, heat, moisture, and chemicals. This method of working upon living plants and animals is in sharp contrast with the favorite mode of research of a few years ago—which was that of dissection and anatomical investigation. This work is yielding hundreds of facts, which, little by little, are being marshalled into orderly array, for some future master mind to mould into a perfect conception of evolution and life—the basic truth of the history of the earth.

Among the more interesting matters brought forward for discussion is the recent discovery that we owe pearls to the irritation in the mantle of the pearl oyster, not, as was formerly supposed, of a grain of sand, but of the inorganic remains or cyst of a cestode larva, a form of parasitic worm. Dr. A. G. Mayer of the Tortugas Carnegie Laboratory in Florida considered the cause of the rhythmical pulsations in such unrelated marine animals as jelly-fish (*medusæ*), barnacles (*lepas*), and the heart of sea-turtles. He asserts that the movement is due to the chemical action of certain elements in the sea-water. Sodium, potassium, and calcium chlorides are stimulators of nerve tissue, and, acting on the ring of the jelly-fish or the appendages of a barnacle, these three elements cause contraction. Almost instantly, however, their effect ceases and a reaction occurs, by means of the magnesium which is present and which functions as an inhibitor of the action. Hence the contraction, or throb, ceases for a moment, when the sodium and other elements again become effective and another throb ensues. Thus a condition of unstable equilibrium is constant, resulting in the successive throbs of jelly ring or barnacle legs or turtle heart.

In a symposium upon heredity and experimental evolution, a significant instance of constant reversion was presented by Prof. C. B. Davenport. Red and black are the two principal colors of the wild jungle fowl, from which all our domestic breeds of poultry are descended. If we closely examine a black cochin-china cock, we shall see that the areas which are red in the jungle fowl, are glossy black in the domestic breed. If this cock is mated with a pure white hen, the chicks will show the ancient jungle fowl coloration, red and black; the lack of pigment in the hen compensating for or using up the excess of black in the cock and revealing the latent red color hidden in the glossy areas.

Fighting the Polar Ice. By Anthony Fiala. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $3.80 net.

At a time when Peary has made "farthest

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north" as the record of one of the most brilliant pieces of exploration ever accomplished, the narrative of a dreary failure in Arctic waters comes with little favor; and not even the embellishments of art can secure for it a place in the bright page of discovery. Three expeditions, all practically without result in advancing scientific or geographic knowledge, mark the effort of money to buy the Pole, or, to use the words of the preface, to satisfy "the crowning desire" of a merchant "to link his name with some scientific achievement which would be considered great when compared with others of the twentieth century." It was perhaps no fault of the late William Ziegler that the expeditions which he supported were not more successful, for we are informed in the same preface that probably "no explorer had ever sailed under more favorable or promising conditions" than the commander of the first of the three expeditions. Many of the readers of Fiala's pages will probably still have fresh in memory the words attributed to his sailing and ice-master when leaving these shores: that the grit of the party, backed by an all-American crew, could not fail to win the prize; and these readers will perhaps hardly be prepared for that type of Arctic valor which abandoned the "first attempt north" (p. 80) after a march of less than two days. The second retreat (p. 88) was accomplished still more expeditiously.

The third and final effort to capture the Pole was barely more successful. The record of the commander's log-book, under date of March 5, 1905, affirms that there was little hope left of reaching the Pole, but the expedition still looked "forward as an achievement to breaking the noble Captain Cagni's record" (p. 162). Toward the consummation of this project the expedition put in seven days of laborious effort, abandoning the final search on the 82d parallel of latitude, under conditions which the leader thus describes (p. 173):

> We felt ourselves equal in strength, purpose, and endurance to any that had ever been in the field; our equipment was better and our dogs better trained.

The effort to break Cagni's record (86° 14′) thus fell short by 290 statute miles. The narrative should furnish a lesson to those aspirants for Arctic fame who are still searching for automobile routes to the Pole, or who believe no special study or form of training necessary to cope successfully with conditions in the far North. The story also sets out in extraordinary relief the accomplishments of men of the type of Peary, Nansen, and the Duke of the Abruzzi.

Those familiar with the intricacies and dangers of navigation in Arctic ice can hardly fail to be surprised that, in direct opposition to the counsel of his ice-master, who declined to assume responsibility for the safety of the vessel "if she was allowed to remain in Teplitz Bay," the civilian commander gave orders "to winter the ship in that neighborhood" (p. 43). As a result, the vessel was crushed in an early nip. Additional light is thrown on the outcome of this expedition by the statement (p. 49) that the America, the vessel that was shortly afterwards crushed in the ice, "had broken loose during the first night of the storm and had been drifting and steaming ever since without any one on board having any knowledge of her whereabouts."

Mr. Fiala's book, while not contributing materially to the fund of Arctic knowledge, and while not supplying much in the way of adventure, may yet be found enjoyable by those who find in Arctic literature perennial charm. It has the advantage of high embellishment by means of the brush and camera, and it presents some types of Northern color in a way that has perhaps not before been attempted. The proof revision is not perfect, for we find a frequent repetition of the erroneous spelling of Tromso (Tromsö), the occurrence of Weiner (Wiener) Neustadt on pp. 144 and 145, the citation of the Polaris as the vessel of the Duke of the Abruzzi expedition instead of the Stella Polare (p. 33), etc. The single comprehensive map that accompanies the volume, that of the Franz-Josef Archipelago, curiously enough omits to give the route of the expedition.

A striking development, which was discussed at the recent meeting, in this city, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, is photo-microscopy by means of ultra-violet rays. With the aid of these rays, double the magnification of even the highest powers of the microscope can be obtained; but, as glass is opaque to these rays, the lenses must be made of rock crystal, and the quicksilver placed on the upper side of the mirror. These rays affect the nuclei of cells and other objects in the same way as a stain, and thus the minutest structure of *living* organisms can be studied—an achievement never before possible. This work in photo-microscopy by ultra-violet light has been carried to a high state of perfection in this country by Prof. E. G. Conklin and H. G. Kribs of the University of Pennsylvania. The inventor of the apparatus was Dr. Köhler, a physicist in the employ of Carl Zeiss.

A new collection of Liebig letters is promised for the near future, according to the announcement of the *Mitteilungen zur Geschichte der Medizin und Naturwissenschaften* (vi., 1), to be edited by Dr. Walther N. Clemm of Darmstadt. These letters were written between the years 1843 and 1845, and addressed to a favorite pupil and collaborateur, Dr. Karl Clemm, who had charge of the chemical factory in Mannheim and had worked in Liebig's laboratory in Giessen. These letters deal with chemical experiments, principally in the manufacture of fertilizers and of silver mirrors.

The New York Botanical Garden has acquired the remarkable collection of mosses made by William Mitten, who died in England last July. The collection contains specimens from all over the world, but the rarest and most valuable are from the Andes, where they were secured by Richard Spruce, the English botanist, during a residence of ten years in South America. In all, the specimens number at least 50,000. The Botanical Garden now has one of the three or four largest collections of mosses in the world.

The death of Augustin Normand deprives French naval architecture of one of its most eminent leaders. He came of a shipbuilding stock long settled at Le Havre; and he united high scientific attainment with great mechanical skill, as he proved in various publications relating to the theory of shipbuilding. His name in recent years had been much before the public in connection with the design and construction of vessels of the torpedo flotilla.

Finance.

PROBING INTO UNION PACIFIC.

In the spring of 1901, when the Stock Exchange became a focus of excitement, people seemed to lose their heads. The common view was that our wealthiest capitalists had concluded that prices, on their merits, were destined to go indefinitely higher, and that these capitalists were making haste to invest on the rise. The public followed what appeared to be the example of the great financiers; and it was not until the bubble had been pricked, with heavy losses to all outside participants, that the facts were understood. Those facts, as every intelligent man is now aware, were, first, that stock of one or more companies was bought up by "syndicates" with access to trust company funds and life insurance surpluses, solely with the idea of reselling to another company; second, that these other companies used credit and issued bonds to raise the purchase-money; third, that they calculated on indefinite willingness of the public to buy the new securities. The "Wall Street boom" of that day, which was to establish new precedents in every direction, is now seen to have been based on the old and familiar process of incurring debt by wholesale, and dipping recklessly into trust funds.

Discovery of these homely and somewhat sordid facts, supplemented as it was by the disclosures of the insurance investigation, for a long time put a quietus on this sort of performance. During the past eighteen months, however, Wall Street has been favored with exhibitions similar to those of 1901. The saying has been that certain stocks were "cornered," and, in fact, shares of companies with capital ranging from $70,000,000 to $150,000,000 actually seemed to be so held that the price could be arbitrarily fixed without forcing actual sales. Still other stocks would be advanced, by leaps and bounds, in the face of acute money stringency, deficits in bank reserves, or actual bad news. The general public, however, kept its head and refused to be swept into the game on the scale of April, 1901. Nevertheless, people were puzzled as to what it all meant. Since the new insurance law of last April, access of wealthy speculators and manipulators to the funds of life companies was no longer possible. Where did the money come from, then, for these extravagant feats in the financial market?

Well, the answer is not difficult, since last week's investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Union Pacific Railway, as a company, has bought since the close of last June no less than $103,000,000 worth of stock of other companies. Part of the purchase money was derived from the proceeds of a profitable operation in Northern Pacific stock; part, and appar-

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ently the larger part, from money borrowed by the company on its notes. Last July the company reported a surplus unparalleled in railway history: actual cash on hand, $21,258,000, in addition to $34,710,000 loaned out in Wall Street. One might imagine that the directors would carefully limit the use of this surplus—a formidable trust to commit to any man. But they were troubled by no petty scruples. A few days after this remarkable showing, they adopted the following resolution:

That E. H. Harriman, chairman of the executive committee, be, and is hereby, authorized to borrow such sums of money as may be needed for the uses of this company, to execute in the name and on behalf of this company a note or notes for the amount so borrowed, and to pledge the securities of this company as collateral to such notes.

That is to say, with $55,000,000 ready cash in the treasury, the board of directors authorized one man not only, by inference, to use it up, but to throw the company into debt for as much more as he pleased, without the formality of consulting the directors. In the light of these disclosures, no intelligent and right-minded business man can deny that the Union Pacific Railway board, not long ago pointed out as an example of conservatism, has set a pattern of recklessness.

With such a fountain of credit constantly at the disposal of one man and his Wall Street associates, manipulation of the stock market, on a daring and extravagant scale, has been the almost inevitable sequel. We do not assert that Mr. Harriman, or any one else on the Union Pacific board, has utilized its funds for anything but the company's own purposes; indeed, the testimony showed Mr. Harriman, two years ago, as a free-handed lender to the company. But what is now clear is that the same dual relations out of which grew the life insurance troubles—the seller of property deciding that the company shall purchase from him; the speculator, in stocks or in a "syndicate underwriting," backing his personal venture with a similar operation based on his company's trust funds—become in this case the easiest of possibilities. It is not, in fact, too much to say that points of resemblance to the insurance scandal come to light with every fresh turn of the investigation. The trick in the finances of the New York Life for which George W. Perkins and C. S. Fairchild are under indictment, is almost exactly duplicated in the transaction of 1903 between Harriman and his fellow-director, William Rockefeller. Fearing success of the "Keene suit," to enjoin Union Pacific's agents from voting the half interest held by the company in Southern Pacific stock, William Rockefeller was induced, in consideration of 6 per cent. interest and $187,000 cash, to buy from the company 300,000 Southern Pacific shares and sell them back again five months later—the purpose obviously being to deceive the public and the courts.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A. L. A. Portrait Index. Washington.
American Book-Prices Current, 1906. Compiled by Luther S. Livingston. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Aria, Mrs. Costume: Fanciful, Historical, and Theatrical. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Arnold-Forster, H. O. The Army in 1906. Dutton. $4 net.
Ballard, Addison. Through the Sieve. Robert Grier Cooke.
Barrington, Mrs. Russell. The Life, Letters, and Work of Frederic Leighton. 2 vols. Macmillan Co.
Bennett, Arnold. Hugo. F. M. Buckels & Co. $1.50.
Bernhardi, Frederick von. Cavalry in Future Wars. Translated by Charles S. Goldman. Dutton. $3 net.
Bradby, G. F. The Great Days of Versailles. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.
Brookfield, Frances M. The Cambridge "Apostles." Scribners.
Christie, William Wallace. Boiler-Waters. D. Van Nostrand Co. $3 net.
Clemens, Will M. The House of the Hundred Doors. The Hawthorne Press.
Clerici, Graziano Paolo. A Queen of Indiscretions. Translated by Frederic Chapman. John Lane Co. $7 net.
Cross, Alfred W. S. Public Baths and Wash-Houses. Imported by Scribners. $7.50 net.
Cundall, H. M. Birkett Foster. Macmillan Co. $6 net.
Day, Luella. The Tragedy of the Klondike.
El Diez De Febrero. F. J. Dassori.
Etchings of William Strang Ara. Imported by Scribners. $2.50 net.
Fairbanks, Harold Wellman. Practical Physiography. Boston: Allyn & Bacon. $1.60.
Farming Almanac. Compiled by Claude H. Miller. Doubleday, Page & Co. 25 cents.
Foord, J. Decorative Plant and Flower Studies. Imported by Scribners. $15 net.
Franklin Bicentennial Celebration. Vol. I. Philadelphia: American Philosophical Society.
Fraser, Edward. The Enemy at Trafalgar. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Fyvie, John. Comedy of Queens. Dutton. $4 net.
Goff, A., and J. H. Levy. Politics and Disease. London: P. S. King & Son.
Golden Sayings of the Blessed Brother Giles of Assisi. Translated by Paschal Robinson. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. $1.
Great Swamp Fight Monument: The Ceremony and Oration. Boston: The Merrymount Press.
Haydon, A. L. The Book of V. C. Dutton. $1.50.
Hegemonius Acta Archelai. Edited by Charles H. Beeson. Leipzig.
Heine's Works. Translated by Charles G. Leland and others. 12 vols. Dutton. $25 per set.
Hoare, J. Douglas. Arctic Exploration. Dutton. $3 net.
Hostos, Eugenio M. de. Moral Social. Madrid.
Howard, Newman. Footsteps of Proserpine.—Constantine the Great.—Kiartan the Icelander.—Savonarola. Dutton. $1.25 net each.
Irving, Washington. The Keeping of Christmas at Bracebridge Hall. Dutton. $2.
Jarrott, Charles. Ten Years of Motors and Motor Racing. Dutton. $4 net.
Jastrow, Morris, Jr. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. 10 Lieferung. Giessen.
Jerrold, Maud F. Vittoria Colonna. Dutton. $4 net.
Johnson, Edith Henry. The Argument of Aristotle's Metaphysics. Lemcke & Buechner.
Journal of Social Science. No. 44. 1906.
Ker, William Paton. Sturla the Historian. Henry Frowde.
Lane's Arabian Nights. Edited by Stanley Lane-Poole. Vol. IV. Macmillan Co. $1 net.
Lloyd, Albert B. Uganda to Khartoum. Dutton. $3 net.
McNeal-Sweeney, Mildred I. When Yesterday was Young. Robert Grier Cooke.
Martin, Percy F. Mexico's Treasure House. The Cheltenham Press. $3.
Maryland Geological Survey, with maps. 4 vols. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.
Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Translated by John Jackson. Henry Frowde. $1.
Message of the President of the United States. Washington.
Methodist Year Book, 1907. 25 cents. Eaton & Mains.
Moore, W. Harrison. Act of State in English Law. Dutton. $3 net.
Oppenheim, Phillips. The Malefactor. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. VI.: Mesne-Misbirth. Henry Frowde.
Plato's Menexenus. Edited by J. A. Shawyer. Henry Frowde. 50 cents.
Porter, Delia Lyman. A Year of Good Cheer. Boston: Pilgrim Press.
Quayle, William A. Lowell. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.
Raymond, Robert R. Melody in Speech. Edgar S. Werner. $1.50.
Reid, John. Jesus and Nicodemus. Imported by Scribners. $1.75 net.
Robbins, Edward Rutledge. Plane Geometry. American Book Co. 75 cents.
Russell, Charles E. B., and L. M. Rigby. The Making of the Criminal. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Scherer, James A. B. What is Japanese Morality? Philadelphia: Sunday School Times Co. 75 cents net.
Scott, Ernest F. The Fourth Gospel. Imported by Scribners. $2 net.
Scripture, E. W. Researches in Experimental Phonetics. Washington: Carnegie Institute.
Seaver, Richard W. To Christ through Criticism. Imported by Scribners. $1.50 net.
Selected Epigrams of Martial. Books VII.-XII. Edited by R. T. Bridge and E. D. C. Lake. Henry Frowde. 90 cents.
Selections from Charles Swain. London: A. C. Fifield. 5s. net.
Selleck, Willard Chamberlain. The New Appreciation of the Bible. The University of Chicago Press. $1.50.
Stafford, A. O. Animal Fables from the Dark Continent. American Book Co. 30 cents.
Stanmore, Lord. Sidney Herbert: A Memoir. Dutton. 2 vols. $7.50 net
Tribune Almanac, 1907.
Watson, H. B. Marriott. The Privateers. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Wells, H. G. Socialism and the Family. London: A. C. Fifield.
Werner's Readings and Recitations. Edgar S. Werner & Co.
Whitaker's Almanack, 1907.—Whitaker's Peerage, 1907. London.
White, E. V. The First Iron-Clad Naval Engagement in the World.
White, Stewart Edward, and Samuel Hopkins Adams. The Mystery. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Whitehouse, H. Remsen. A Revolutionary Princess. Dutton. $3 net.
Who's Who, 1907. Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.
Williams, H. Noel. Queen Margot. Imported by Scribners. $7.50 net.
Wilshire, Gaylord. Editorials. Wilshire Book Co. $1.
Worsfold, W. Basil. Lord Milner's Work in South Africa. Dutton. $4.50 net.
Wright, G. Frederick. Scientific Confirmations of Old Testament History. Oberlin, O.: Bibliotheca Sacra Co. $2 net.

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